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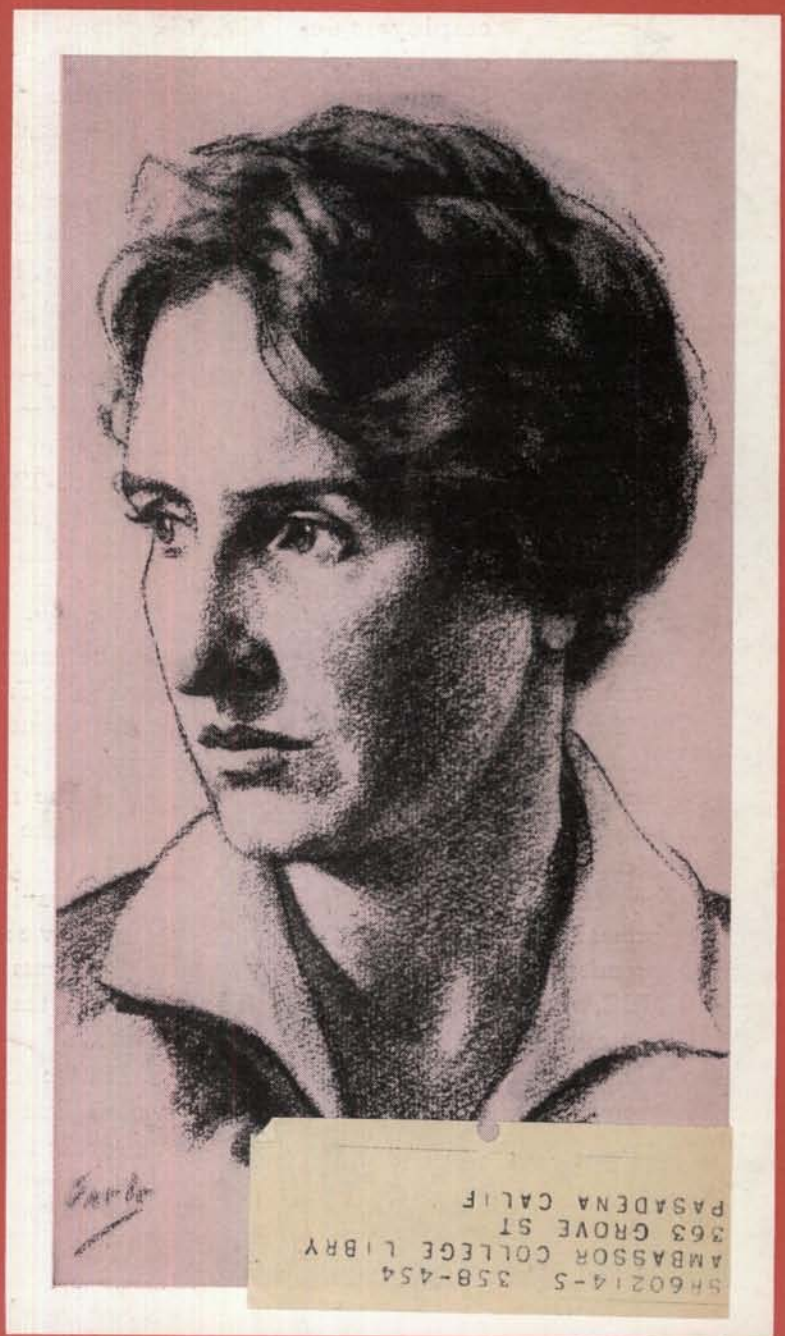
Saturday Review

MARCH 2, 1963 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

MORALITY IN SCIENCE

By John Lear



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ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS: LIFE IS FROM WITHIN

By Robert Penn Warren

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Premiere in Flatbush

The place to sit on an opening night at the Metropolitan Opera is a Parterre Box just above the main floor, or the Grand Tier one level higher still, or Bickford's Cafeteria, across the street on Seventh Avenue. (At Bickford's, 50 to 80 chauffeurs cluster over English muffins and coffee cups until their employers decamp from the Grand Tier and the Parterre Boxes.)

The chauffeurs know their opera and their composers. They detest Richard Wagner. "Those Germans go on all night." They love Puccini. "He always lets out by 10:30." And they never see either.

A Democratic Treat

But the Sunday afternoon of March 3 will make history, for this time, the chauffeurs, like the chic and millions of other Americans, will see the grandest of curtain raisers: the world premiere of an opera.

The opera's name is "Labyrinth". The composer who can command such attention could only be, of course, Gian Carlo Menotti. And, we are proud to say, NBC-TV is the one impresario who could bring this premiere to the entire nation. NBC, whose creative initiative has made these operas possible, will broadcast this historic moment in music from its color television studio, located on Avenue M and East 14th Street in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

"Labyrinth" will be the 57th opera to be presented by NBC over 12 seasons—all of them staged especially for television and presented in English—in a live American idiom for millions to enjoy.

NBC commissioned Menotti to write the music and libretto; Samuel Chotzinoff, Kirk Browning and the NBC Opera Company have produced it. A gifted team. They produced television's first original opera, Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," on Christmas Eve, 1951.

To viewers who have seen "Amahl" (shown every Christmas Eve since) or his second opera for NBC-TV, "Maria Golovin" (1959), Menotti may not sound like himself even in his own outline of a scene from "Labyrinth":

"Tea with the Astronaut (Encounter with the Future). Inside the Astronaut's missile. As the bride and groom enter the missile to take tea with the Astronaut, gravity is lost. Everything floats in the air. The performers, tea set, sugar, tea, and cream."

Yet within the new dimension—opera's first adventure in photographic surrealism—Menotti's melodic line holds true. His sense of theater remains sharply honed. And his passion for life triumphs in this symbolic drama of the living seeking in death the meaning of existence.

Also passionate about his work, Menotti insists on participating in every area of his opera's staging, and NBC would have it no other way. For one thing, the man has proved his point too many times. In 1950 he all but chased backers away from his opera "The Consul" by raising his forefinger like a small craft warning and saying: "My opera is vaaaaary gloooooomy." "The Consul" shattered all precedents—and all cassandras—by running for eight months on Broadway (imagine, an opera on Broadway!).

"Surreal" Treat

Gloomy or exultant, Menotti strips away the red plush and high-choke collars and brings life—and the twentieth century—into opera in America.

We expect Menotti's opera to be an extraordinary hour not only for this opera season, but in the history of American music. And this time every music lover, every drama lover — not to mention every muffin-cloyed, coffee-sated chauffeur—can have the best seat in the house.

NBC

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.

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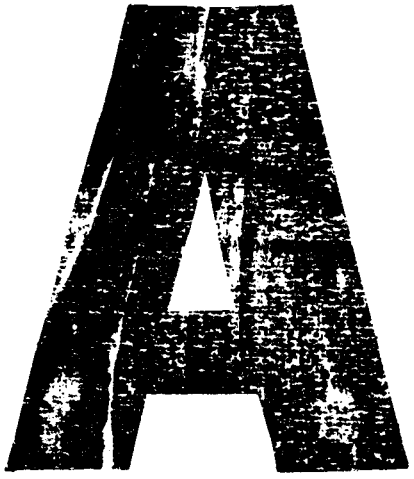


new Third Force.
A fast-vanishing animal kingdom.
A dozen painters & their paintings.
A Garland of song.
A Lenten classic & more:
Depth, insight & joy on television this March.
The scope is broad.
The selection is yours:

Who Goes There?—A Primer on Communism
Friday, March 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

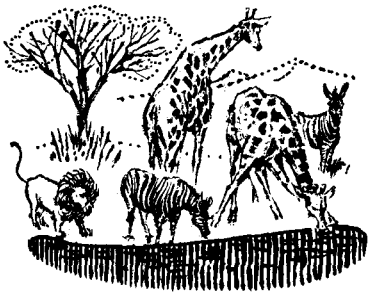
Ethics in Five Acts
Integration; teen-age behavior; business; science; international relations.
Sundays, March 3-10-17-24-31 (2-2:30 PM)

Labyrinth
Surrealistic opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti.
Sunday, March 3 (2-3 PM)

The Individual in American Democracy
Prospects for assertion of self today.
Sunday, March 3 (4-5 PM)

A Country Called Europe
Report on the Common Market.
Sunday, March 3 (10-11 PM)

Where We Stand: Ten Years After Stalin
Appraisal of East-West relations.
Wednesday, March 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)



The Irreplaceables
East Africa's animal conservation efforts.
Thursday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

The Latin-American Spirit
Young People's Concert: Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.
Friday, March 8 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Exhibitions: Twelve American Painters
Survey of contemporary artists at work.
Sunday, March 10 (4-5 PM)

Hollywood: The Great Stars
Henry Fonda is host and narrator.
Wednesday, March 13 (10-11 PM)

Yalta
Winston Churchill's memoirs.
Friday, March 15 (7:30-8 PM)

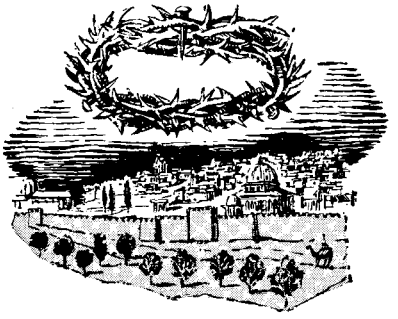
Arthur Godfrey Loves Animals
Guests include Mel Blanc, Shari Lewis, Burr Tillstrom, and various puppets.
Monday, March 18 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters
A two-part report by David Brinkley.
Mondays, March 18 & 25 (10-10:30 PM)

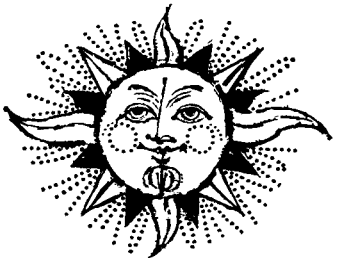
Judy Garland and Her Guests, Phil Silvers and Robert Goulet
Tuesday, March 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

As Caesar Sees It
A Sid Caesar "special."
Thursday, March 21 (9-9:30 PM)

Gary Cooper—Tall American
A *Project 20* biography.
Tuesday, March 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)



The St. Matthew Passion
Part 1 of the Bach oratorio.
Sunday, March 31 (1:30-3:30 PM)



Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Atomic Age Physics/American Government/The American Economy/Today/Calendar/Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal

Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Fridays: Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years/Eyewitness

Saturdays: Reading Room/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Camera Three/Washington Report/Meet the Professor/Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers/This is NBC News/Wild Kingdom/Update/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/Voice of Firestone/Howard K. Smith—News and Comment

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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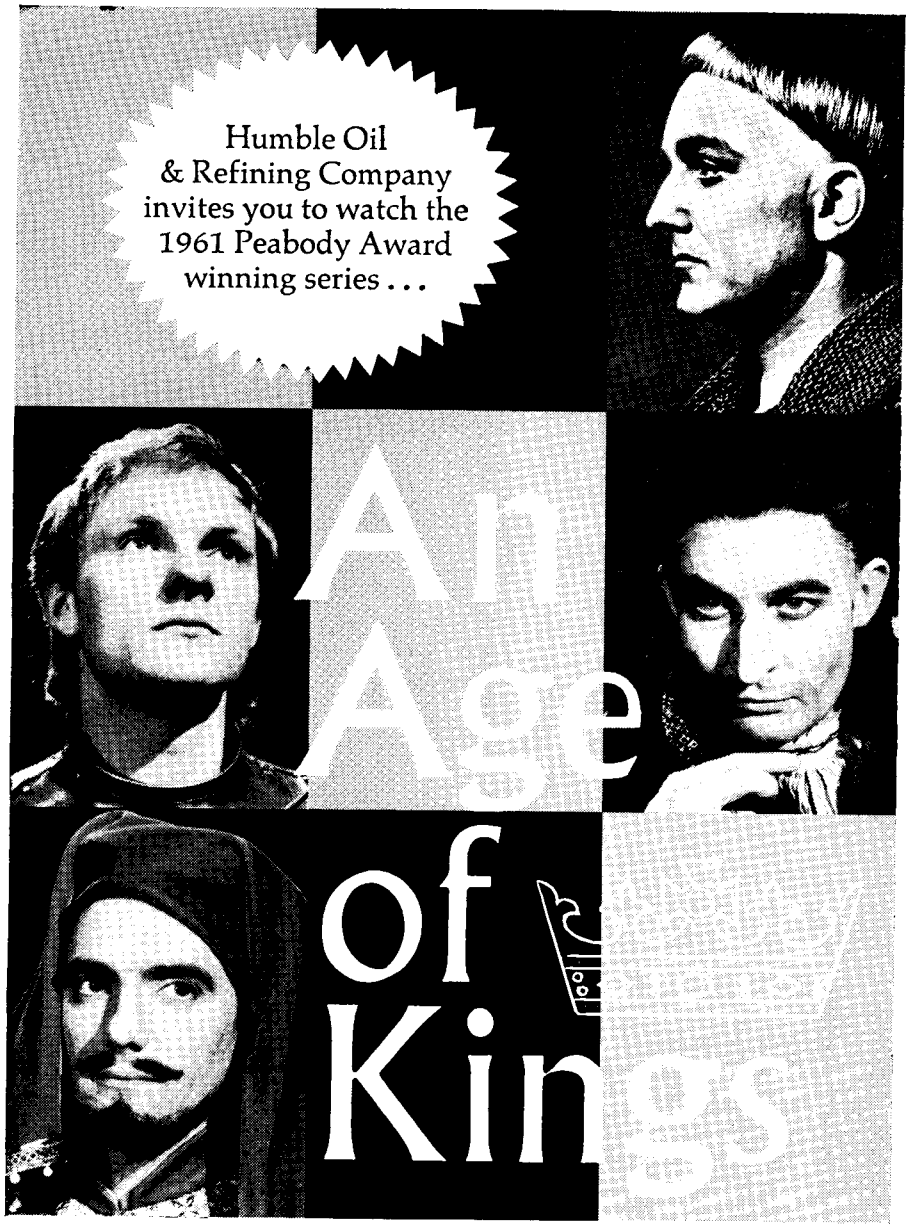

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Lakewood Center KPEC—56	*Tallahassee* WFSU—11	*Tampa* WEDU—3

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- The *gigantic* stainless steel missile which travels almost 30 times the speed of sound . . . *around the world in an hour and a half!*
- The Viennese astronomer who wanted to dig trenches in the Sahara Desert 20 miles long, fill them with flaming kerosene to *signal to Martians!*
- *The Matador Pilotless Bomber* — Takes off from "the smallest airport in the world!"
- Cyrano de Bergerac's fanciful scheme for achieving space flight — *evaporating bottles of dew toward the sun.* The sun would draw the dew toward it — and the dew would carry along anything it was attached to!
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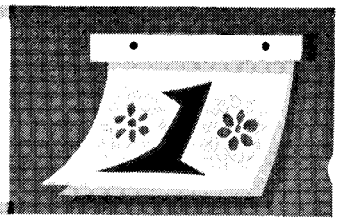
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

FEBRUARY was the month when the country without which there would have been no France, and which was useful enough in the days when, all alone, she fought France's war, was not, in the opinion of one Frenchman, good enough for Le Club. But Germany, of course, was — and so, of all countries, was Luxembourg. We understand the club song has not yet been chosen. We suggest "Vas You Dere, Charlie?" sung to the tune, perhaps, of "Luxembourg Uber Alles."

• • •

In this hemisphere, up in the North, the voice was Canada, all right, but the song was America dry. Just how we could have spent so much time being Good Neighborly in one direction and Bad Neighborly in another seems almost inconceivable—except that Canada, too, of course, committed the sin of winning two World Wars. And, nowadays, as every schoolchild knows, the way to win peaces is to lose wars.

• • •

The sun may have set on the British Empire but over here, after dark, the British were doing fine — all the way from "The School for Scandal" to "Beyond the Fringe." Far better than "Fringe," however, is Peter Cook's extraordinary British satire at the Stroller's Theatre. Called "The Establishment," the show defines, among other things, the CIA — the Cuban Invasion Agency.

• • •

Best of all the Anglo-imports was "The Hollow Crown," a "Royal Revue" acted by four members of the Royal Shakespeare Company of London. Throughout the production there was sheer brilliance (the Marquis of Halifax's epigram-studded description of Charles II), humor (the story of George II's funeral, when one duke sobs and sobs until he begins to see his friends and "his curiosity gets the better of his hypocrisy"), almost incredible modernity (James I railing against tobacco—"This precious stink . . . this filthy novelty . . . this custom loathsome to the eye, abhorrent to the nose, etc."), and finally, pathos (George III, fighting against going mad and thinking everybody was a peacock, suddenly breaking down in the middle of his speech to the House of Lords and saying, "My lords and peacocks . . ." "Those who did not love him laugh, but those who did love him cried.") And one thing was certain. Broadway theatregoers this month had a new favorite actress—the startling beautiful and stunningly talented Dorothy Tutin.

• • •

The British trend was, in fact, so strong that down at New York University a popular history instructor named J. Carter England, who already boasts one son named Norman, promptly named his second, born this month, Stuart. And as we went to press, he was fighting off suggestions for possible female additions to his family — among them Merrie and Elizabeth-Ann.

• • •

Our favorite statistic of the month came from CARE — the month marked the subscription of the 50,000,000th CARE package. Our least favorite came from Dr. Ralph Bunche, who is not only Undersecretary at the United Nations but also an Overseer at Harvard. "The budget for the current year for Harvard University," he told us, "is $89 million — for the United Nations $84 million."

• • •

The sign of the month made its appearance in a locker room of the Vassar gym. JACKIE KENNEDY, the sign said sternly, WOULD NEVER THROW PAPER TOWELS ON THE FLOOR. Meanwhile, our favorite advertisement of the month came from *Insiders Newsletter*. "If you liked World War II," the ad said, "you'll love 'The Longest Day.'"

• • •

February was also a month for good, if not necessarily new, stories. From Harry Hershfield (seventy-seven himself) came the story of the two old codgers. "I can't remember," complained one, "when I went out with girls." "That's nothing," replied the other. "I can remember when I went out with girls, but I can't remember *why*." And the irrepressible Elizabeth Taylor was back, with the answer to what she

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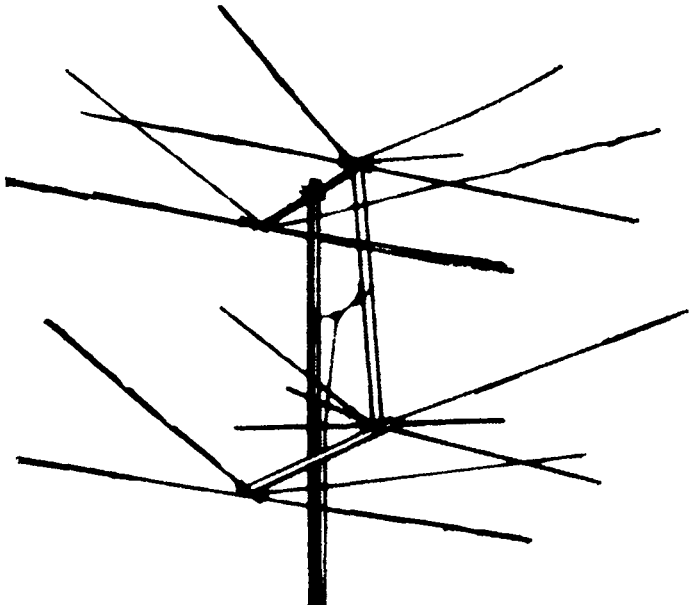

The first comprehensive — and often surprising — study of how the American viewer actually feels about TV, and the uses he makes of it

THE PEOPLE LOOK AT TELEVISION

A Study of Audience Attitudes *by* GARY A. STEINER

How has television affected the American home?

What do viewers themselves think about this extraordinary medium of communication?

Are Americans generally satisfied or dissatisfied with the programs they see?

And — perhaps most important of all — how do their opinions about television relate to their viewing habits?

The present study is the first comprehensive and definitive effort to provide some factual and objective information on these and other issues, by examining and reporting how Americans use the medium and what they think about it. It is based on one of the most thorough national surveys ever undertaken. Conducted at the Bureau of Applied Social Research of Columbia University, the survey employs the most advanced techniques of modern social research.

This study illuminates many provocative and fascinating areas of opinion and behavior. It provides a factual platform from which the great debate about television must subsequently go forward. As such, it is not only important reading for social scientists and the broadcasting community but also fascinating and informative reading for the general public.

With a Foreword by BERNARD BERELSON, *former director, and an Afterword by* PAUL F. LAZARSFELD, *founder and currently director, Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University*

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would do if she had her life to live over. "I'd do all the same things," she replied, "with different people."

• • •

For NBC it was a hard month. Booted out of Russia because of its two anti-Khrushchev shows, it had a flood of criticism from a decision to cancel the "Merv Griffin Show." From Merv himself we learned the story of how one system of ratings works—how 100 ladies in Westchester and another 100 in Texas push levers to indicate what they like and don't like. Later Merv, watching the results on a chart, wanted to know what he had done when, apparently, all the ladies pushed the lever at once. "What did I do?" he asked excitedly. "I want to do that more." "You didn't do anything," was the stern reply. "That was the time when Florence Henderson punched you in the stomach." And the same network was also swamped with protests for permitting a bullfighting show — something which is, of course, illegal in this country. Following the show, we had a talk with Carl Watson, NBC's director of broadcast standards. "We're as nervous as can be," he admitted. "The intellectuals criticize us for *not* doing things and then the audience criticizes us when we *do* do them. I don't know whether we're right or not. Good God, we're only human."

Human, we agreed, but hardly humane.

• • •

On the book front John Hersey was back with an extraordinary book, "Here to Stay," the story of heroism in eight fields, Marguerite Cullman took an opening-night seat for her autobiographical "Occupation, Angel," and Chicago bookster Stuart Brent came through with "The Seven Stairs," a story of how not to start a bookstore ("Eighty per cent of all the hardcover books purchased across the counter in America are sold by twenty booksellers"). On the novel front, Al Morgan in "The Six-Eleven" told the story of a train wreck which, because of the people involved, somehow put you squarely on the side of the wreck, Nathaniel Benchley in "Catch a Falling Spy" told the spy story to end all spy stories, Phyllis Whitney in "Seven Tears for Apollo" gave us a romantic cliff-hanger from the Isle of Rhodes, Fausta Cialente in "The Levantines" told us the story of the granddaughter of the most beautiful kept woman in Egypt and how she finally got away from it all, and Sloan Wilson in "Georgie Winthrop" told, of all strange things these days, the story of a nice guy.

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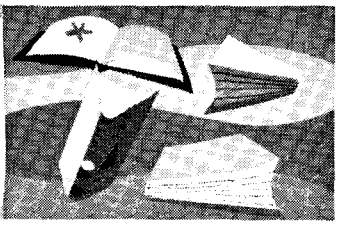
Trade Winds



MORE BIG NEWS from Kentucky! It looks to me as though Mayfield, up the river from Louisville, it trying to steal her thunder. The latest hot item from the Associated Press hit the nation only a few days after I wrote in the February 16 TRADE WINDS about how the reporters seemed to be spending their time at bus stops or in elementary school classrooms jotting down wisecracks.

So what's the new scoop? A nine-alarm fire? Homicide in City Hall? No, sir. It's a letter that arrived at the Louisville Post Office addressed only as follows:

"To Janet and Jane Henry (Twins), received recognition nationally with crookneck squashes, pictures in all newspapers regarding Louisville state fair."

This letter came from La Habra, California. A woman wanted some crookneck squash seeds. After some detective work the postman delivered the letter, the twins sent the seeds to California, and Louisville got another oast-to-coast dateline.

Then just a couple of days later Mayfield comes through. I'm reading the New England papers as usual, wondering if there has been an earthquake, for example, in Louisville when my attention is drawn by an AP dispatch from this city I never heard of. At first I think it's a fake, so they can sneak in some Louisville boffolas without my knowing it. I look in the atlas. Yes, Jerome, there is a Mayfield, and here is the latest news from there:

"Mayfield, Ky. (AP)—A woman walked into a butcher shop and ordered a dressed chicken. The butcher finally came up with a rather scrawny fowl but the customer shook her head.

" 'I want a larger one.'

"He looked again, couldn't find another chicken, so he brought out the same bird—quoting a higher price.

" 'That's fine,' the woman said. 'I think I'll take both of them.' "

JUST A YEAR AGO at this time I mentioned a few examples of 1961 attempts at textbook censorship that the American Book Publishers Council had gathered from around the country. I said that if anyone wanted the whole story he could write ABPC and ask for the "Freedom-to-Read Bulletin." Something like 3,000 readers requested the bulletin. It not only swamped the Council but it showed how aroused and fascinated some of us can become over the subject.

Now Little, Brown has just published "The Censors and the Schools," by Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts, Jr. If anyone believes that our country is somehow wriggling free of right-wing, bigoted, misguided, racist, xenophobic groups—read this. If any parent feels sure that his child is getting a fair shake in the school reading lists or in the school library—read this. If anyone is curious to see examples of how history books are rewritten, or phrased differently to suit the requirements of different sections of the country—read this.

If it hasn't happened already, sooner or later your own community is going to have to put up with an attack on its textbooks. Fortunately, "The Censors and the Schools" offers some advice on how to handle such an event. All in all, though, the book is frightening reading.

THE PARADOX in book censorship is that one gets the impression that kids don't ever read anything and if they do they don't remember what. We who are close to the publishing business often feel sad that no one ever pays any attention to what's in books. We look on the street, on the train, or in our own backyard, and we hardly ever see anyone reading a book. We go to social or business gatherings for years and we seldom run into anyone who has read a book. When we do, it's some *other* book that we haven't read.

And yet big pressure groups from California to Connecticut are scared as can be about the dangers of the printed word. Boy, it is encouraging to know we have such influence!

THE GREATEST WEAPON is still humor. Norman Corwin proves it in a small volume called "Overkill and Megalove" (World). Here is satire that knocks the breath out of you one minute and brings tears to your eyes the next. Here

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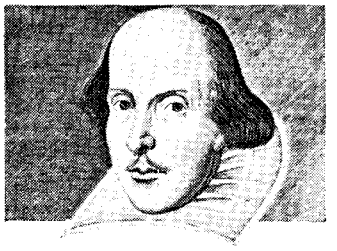

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Who Will Win?

The National Book Awards are presented annually for the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction, and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U.S. in the preceding year. From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1963 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

FICTION

PALE FIRE *by Vladimir Nabokov* Putnam's
SHIP OF FOOLS *by Katherine Anne Porter* Atlantic-LB
THE GOLDEN SPUR *by Dawn Powell* Viking
MORTE D'URBAN *by J. F. Powers* Doubleday
GOING AWAY *by Clancy Sigal* Houghton Mifflin
PIGEON FEATHERS *by John Updike* Knopf

Judges: Elizabeth Hardwick, Harry Levin, Gore Vidal

NON-FICTION

SILENT SPRING *by Rachel Carson* Houghton Mifflin
HENRY JAMES Vols. 2 and 3 *by Leon Edel* Lippincott
O'NEILL *by Arthur and Barbara Gelb* Harper & Row
CONTEMPORARIES *by Alfred Kazin* Little, Brown
THE ROTHSCHILDS *by Frederic Morton* Atheneum
CHEKHOV *by Ernest J. Simmons* Atlantic-LB
JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 *by Page Smith* Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by Barbara Tuchman* Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE *by Edmund Wilson* Oxford

Judges: William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

POETRY

FOR LOVE *by Robert Creeley* Scribner's
THE DRAWBRIDGE *by Donald F. Drummond* Alan Swallow
IN THE CLEARING *by Robert Frost* Holt
THANK YOU AND OTHER POEMS *by Kenneth Koch* Grove
THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM *by Howard Nemerov* Chicago
ALL MY PRETTY ONES *by Anne Sexton* Houghton Mifflin
COLLECTED POEMS *by Winfield Townley Scott* Macmillan
TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARK *by William Stafford* Harper & Row
PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL *by William Carlos Williams* New Directions

Judges: Rolfe Humphries, Henry Rago, Reed Whittemore

Prizes, of $1000 to each winner, are donated by the sponsors, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute. The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association.

Who will win in '63?
Watch for the announcement of the winners—
Tuesday, March 12th

are 115 pages of irony, parody, sarcasm, and optimism that strike like a ton of bricks:

In Xanadu did Herman Kahn
A fearful atom bomb decree
Whence Alpha radiation ran
Through fallouts measureless to man
Down to a poisoned sea . . .

SHARPS AND FLATS: It's been at least twelve years since the last giant panda in captivity passed away. If we don't get this Chinese thing settled soon there will be an entire generation of Americans who have never had the fun of observing one of these delightful creatures.

►*Reader's Digest* is still blasting cigarettes and tobacco advertising. Don't the editors realize that *three billion dollars* is collected annually in state and federal taxes on tobacco? Don't they see that if people stopped smoking we non-smokers would have to help make up the deficit? I do hate to see people get lung cancer, but the way my own finances are right now I just don't think I can afford a nation of abstainers.

►A best-selling book titled "One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding" (Grove) concerns a prostitute and a college boy. Outside New York, newspaper ads ran in all the big cities. During the newspaper strike in the Big Town, Grove Press had radio spots on local stations. After two days WQXR refused to broadcast the ads. The station manager said information had been received about the contents of the book. Maybe the information came from the Western edition of the *New York Times*, which was running the ads. Maybe it came from the enthusiastic review of the book or the ads that appeared in the regular edition of the *Times* before the strike. What's funny is that the *New York Times* owns WQXR. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1507)

Page Smith:
JOHN ADAMS—VOLUME I

While John Adams moved through the glittering world of the French court, Abigail, in Braintree, tended the farm, tutored the children, wrote letters, and, in the absence week after week of any news of her husband, kept up her spirits as best she could.

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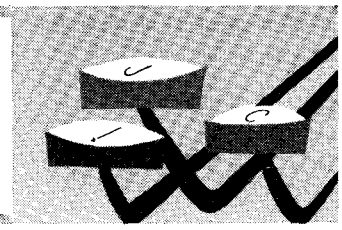
Manner of Speaking



MAILBAG: THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A junior correspondent who read some of my children's poems wrote me the following letter which I pass on in full, though with the signature veiled in the hope of protecting any future reputation he may acquire as a speller:

> Dear Mr. Giradi:
> I have been nijoing your book about poems. And the one where the boy was not hurgry. It is very halaryes.
> Your fiend,
> John Do

THE HOT HORSE AGAIN: In this column for October 6 last I raised the question of the moral responsibility of jet pilots who bail out of disabled ships over thickly settled areas. Any number of readers read my remarks as an attack upon the Air Force, and all sorts of experts lectured me on glide ratios and on the absolute unmaneuverability of jets that have lost power. The latest objection is filed by the irate wife of an F102 pilot. She encloses the following newspaper clipping (undated and with no reference to the name of the paper) but with a dedication that reads: "Lest we forget the stupid and biased article you wrote some weeks ago":

> PILOT STAYS WITH PLANE
> *Malibu, Calif.* (AP)—When his engine failed at 40,000 feet, an Air Force pilot pointed the nose of his F106 jet fighter into the clouds in a blind descent—and emerged from the overcast directly over the center of Los Angeles.
>
> Maj. Keith D. Chrietzberg stayed at the controls, stretched his glide as far as possible, and headed for the sea, 20 miles away.
>
> He crossed the coastline at Malibu only 1,000 feet up, fired his ejection seat, and parachuted to the sea as his plane crashed offshore. He was picked up uninjured by a fishing boat minutes later.

Let me say to all partisans that I am happy to salute Maj. Chrietzberg as an *hombre*. The point of my original remarks was exactly that none other should apply for those cockpits. I cannot, of course, speak for the Major, but I suspect he would agree with me that had he done any less than he did, he would belong in jail for extracting federal pay under false pretenses. The thing about an *hombre* is that he does what has to be done. Had a lesser man bailed out and let her crash on the town below, and had I written to question that way of doing things, I am sure another body of experts would have been reading me the lecture on glide ratios, on the fact that controls lock when a jet looses power, and even — as one self-important insect argued—that the pilot's life is more important than the life of any civilian because the government had invested so much money in his training. Tell it to Major Chrietzberg, boys. I never said it was easy: only that there is no other way.

Happy landings, Major — happier ones. And thank you from all of us.

CLEAR, CONCISE, AND DOWN-TO-EARTH: Mr. G.M.C. of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is no man for ambiguities. He writes to say: "I feel sure I echo the desire of many readers of *SR* to have a clear, concise, and down-to-earth exposition of what is, and what is not poetry." And he wants to know what I think of that.

What does one say to such a question? It is, alas, one of the commonest, as well as perhaps the dreariest, out of the mailbag. Nothing is less useful to the life of the arts than this literal-minded insistence on clear, concise, down-to-earth definition. At the comic end of the scale such litter-heads equate their demands with horse sense. At the equally comic, but purportedly intellectual other end, the same demand is made by analogy to the sciences, wherein (if we may believe these champions of certainty) all things are precisely defined. I have even had it put to me that psychology is a science, that it deals with human behavior, that the arts are one sort of human behavior, and that, therefore, the arts are a subbranch of psychology. Or if any reader would rather keep the betrayal within the family, let me cite from Oscar Williams's introduction to his "A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry" the following absurdity:

> Extraordinary advances in critical method make the inspection of a poem by a first-class critic as close and careful as a chemical analysis.

A dreadful sort of thinking: the same words might be used in discussing the inspection of a sewer pipe by a "first-

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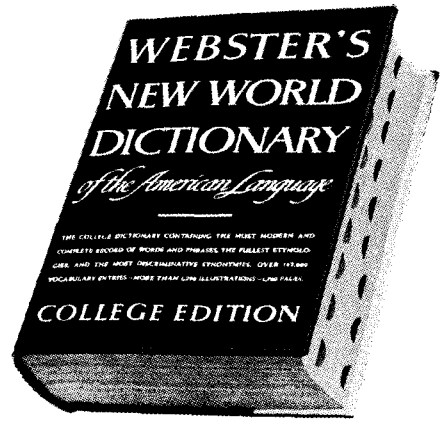

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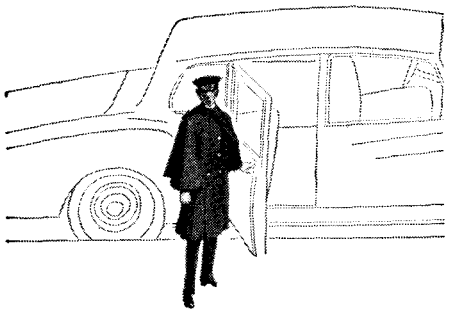

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class" civil engineer. Let it at least be said in Oscar Williams's favor that absurd as his attempts at critical statement have always been, he keeps a human psyche inside himself when he is not trying to make all-embracing statements about it, and that he can therefore (and does) pick good poems for his anthologies. Better a bird that flies than a flight-engineer who cannot get off the ground.

But for the totally ground-bound: nothing. Art simply is not for them. The man who wants his life-concepts in terms as plain as dollars and cents had best turn bookkeeper. (And let him stay away, at that, from tax accounting, lest he find even his digits changing complexion on him.) If poetry is to become a clear, concise, and down-to-earth exercise it can only do so by losing contact with the unclear, unconcise, and up-in-the-dreamscape shadows of any man's consciousness once he has opened it to the uncertainties and ambiguities of his own introspection. Or, for that matter, whether or not he ever does open himself to incipient self-awareness. For we do not become less complex in our stupidities but only better armored against an awareness of them.

It is of the nature of mind to reach. And what it reaches to at its best is forever beyond definition. What can be put within the boundaries of definition is never more than the kindergarten of perception. A beginning student of chemistry may deal in certainties. A chemical researcher, on the other hand, is a man reaching beyond definition to a better understanding of phenomena. At their far reach, our best chemists cannot even manage to be clear, concise, and down-to-earth about the difference between some organic compounds and some elementary life-forms.

What the chemist comes to at that forward end of his professional development, the arts begin with as their native idiom and substance. There is no hope for any cause in this sort of impatient oversimplification, as there is no peace to be made with it.

If G.M.C. can grasp that point, we are at a beginning of hope. If not, I attach the following alternate reply:

Dear Sir:

I am afraid I cannot really answer your question until you help me put it in an answerable context. As a suggestion, if you will submit to being psychoanalyzed by an IBM machine, I shall be happy, upon receipt of certification that your nervous system has been properly transistorized and push-buttoned, to provide you with a clear, concise, down-to-earth (and therefore inhuman) exposition of what is and is not poetry.

Yours truly,
—JOHN CIARDI.

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Chess Corner–No. 81

THOUGH Rudolf Spielmann, the author of "The Art of Sacrifice," was not the greatest attacking player who ever lived, he was a giant among combinational masters.

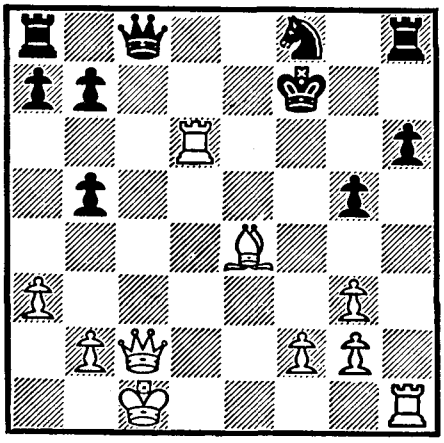
For him, combination was the soul of chess. And for a long time in his youth he neglected the demands of positional play. Erratic results in tournament play, even though sometimes brilliant, convinced him that he must also cultivate the quiet but forceful styles of his opponents. His attacking flair, in conjunction with the slow but pointed fundamental maneuvers, gave him a tidy arsenal of lethal weapons.

In his maturity, the perfect blend was achieved. This is clearly shown in this game against one-time world champion Jose Raoul Capablanca.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

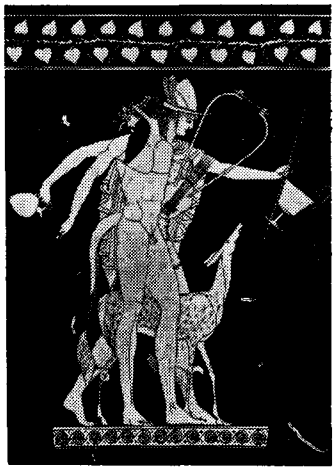
R. Spielmann White		Black J. R. Capablanca	
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	12 P-K4	P-KN4
2 P-QB4	P-K3	13 B-N3	PxP
3 N-QB3	P-Q4	14 NxP	NxN
4 B-N5	QN-Q2	15 BxN	BxB
5 P-K3	P-B3	16 RPxB	Q-Q3
6 PxP	KPxP	17 O-O-O	B-K3
7 B-Q3	B-Q3	18 N-B3	Q-B2
8 KN-K2	N-B1	19 N-N5	Q-Q2
9 Q-B2	P-KR3	20 P-Q5	PxN
10 B-R4	Q-K2	21 PxB	Q-B1
11 P-QR3	B-Q2	22 PxPch	KxP

23 R-Q6 . . .



23	QxQch	40 R-Q7ch	K-K4
24 KxQ	R-K1	41 B-B6	R-R3
25 BxP	R-K7ch	42 P-N5	R-Q3
26 K-Q3	RxBP	43 R-K7ch	R-K3
27 R-K1	R-B3	44 R-QB7	K-Q3
28 B-Q5ch	K-N3	45 R-B8	R-K7ch
29 RxRch	KxR	46 K-B3	R-K6ch
30 R-K8	P-KR4	47 K-B4	R-K7
31 R-R8	P-R5	48 R-Q8ch	K-B2
32 PxP	PxP	49 R-Q7ch	K-B1
33 RxP	K-K4	50 K-B5	RxP
34 B-B6	P-R6	51 K-N6	R-K7
35 PxP	RxPch	52 R-B7ch	K-Q1
K-B2	P-N5	53 R-Q7ch	K-B1
37 PxP	N-K3	54 R-Q4	N-K3
38 B-R4	N-B5	55 B-N7ch	K-N1
39 R-K7ch	K-Q3	56 QB4	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.



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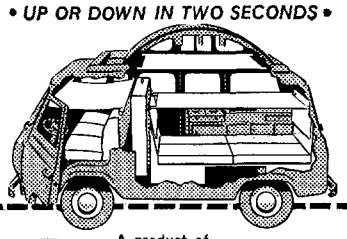

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(*Continued on page 44*)

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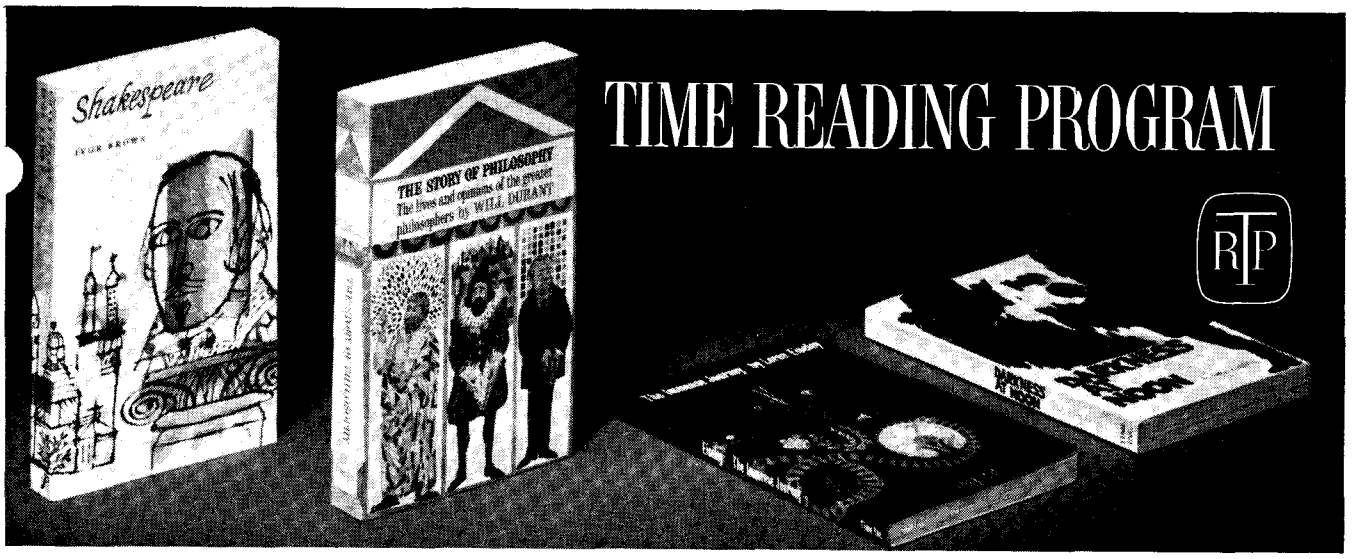

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Saturday Review
MARCH 2, 1963

THE USES OF THINKING

Is philosophy an irrelevant occupation? A pastime for professionals? An ivory-tower sport? A professor of philosophy at Tulane University argues that philosophy is for non-philosophers, too.

By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN

PHILOSOPHY is a difficult subject that uses ordinary words in queer ways and has no practical application whatsoever.

That at any rate is what most people suppose today. And they do so because they forget that philosophy is a technical field. People who would not try to understand physics or mathematics because of the special signs and symbols employed are misled into thinking that philosophy is readily understandable because the words are recognizable. In this sense philosophy has been misleading. For the extraordinary ways in which it uses ordinary words is how it makes up its technical vocabulary.

It requires some trouble to understand philosophy, but I submit that it is worth the trouble simply because philosophy is one of the most useful enterprises ever undertaken by man. It won't build bridges but it will organize new information. As everyone knows, in our lifetime there have been tremendous advances in human knowledge. The radio, television, the airplane, Freudian psychoanalysis, the new "wonder" drugs and other biochemical marvels, the new physics and technology, including relativity physics and quantum mechanics, are just a few. Along with the new knowledge have come new challenges, such as the challenge of international trade (the European Common Market) and international Communism.

These new developments have brought new problems with them, some trivial, some grave. But most of all they have presented the average citizen with a spectacle of the greatest confusion. All lines run away from the center and there seems to be no common ground. No one stops to think that it is the business of philosophy to bring clarity and consistency into all this confusion and to give the individual somewhere to stand while all the various new theoretical and practical advances swirl around him.

The uses of philosophy are both individual and social. Let us begin with the individual uses.

The first of these is the satisfaction of simple curiosity. Man shares with the lower animals a great desire to know about things. The same urge that impels a monkey to examine a stick by turning it over motivates a man to satisfy his inquiry, but in the case of man the urge is much more extensive. Man's curiosity is extended backward and forward in time and throughout space; it includes the relations between things as well as the things themselves. It is bounded only by the limitations of the individual.

From infancy to maturity man goes through two well-recognized stages: innocence and innocence lost. It is no news to anyone that children begin life in a state of innocence, but most people forget that a child's is not an empty innocence, but an innocence full of curiosity.

I was seven years old when I saw a man die. I was playing in the front yard one summer morning watching a man on a ladder paint the side of the house across the street. All of a sudden he fell to the ground and lay there very still. His family rushed out and stood around weeping and wailing.

Since it was very strange and considerably frightening, I turned back into my house and hunted for my mother.

"I have just seen a man die," I announced.

"I know," she said. "I was hoping you would not know about that until later."

"Will that happen to me?"

She laughed. "Not for a very, very long time."

"Will that happen to me?" I repeated.

"Not until you have grown up and become a man and lived your life and grown old, and then perhaps you won't mind so much."

"But it will happen to me?"

"Yes."

"If I go on this way?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then," I said, "I don't think I want to go on at all. I would rather go back to where I started."

A quizzical smile came over her face. "I'm afraid that's rather impossible."

She sent me out to play again. But I only went downstairs and tried to understand my predicament. I am just in an awful fix, I said to myself, and I don't really understand how it happened.

THERE is nothing stronger than the curiosity of children. They are eager to learn about everything, and they routinely ask the embarrassingly fundamental questions that adults are never able to answer, questions such as: What is God like, how far does space extend, what is time, why am I here? If metaphysics has any native home, it is in the questions of children. Their state of innocence is not after all so innocent. They do know what questions to ask!

But we don't know what to answer. Yet we answer just the same, giving definite answers to what are fundamentally unanswerable questions. Our children may not be content with the stock replies formulated by dead authorities,

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drawn from religion, philosophy, and politics by teachers and parents generally, but they know that they must accept them, and so with a shrug they go off to think about something else.

And the rest of their adult lives are spent in the small business of everyday: running for buses, shaving and bathing, paying taxes, making a living, getting along with family, friends, and associates. This takes up nearly all of the available time. At night they are too tired to think and only want to be amused because amusement is restful. And so the childish philosophical questions are never raised again. Anyhow, there would be no point, since now they have found out exactly what has to be done to get along. This is innocence lost.

A few, a very few, however, take a third step to innocence regained. They are more sensitive than the rest, or more stubborn, I do not know which. They reject the answers that were made to their childish questions, although they do keep the questions. From this tiny group come all the productive and original people among us, the artists and philosophers who through their efforts make up the social world in which we live.

THANKS to them, human progress does not consist in finding the answers and so ending the search, but in adjustment to the search itself. At its highest, life is a perpetual inquiry. We live by the results but at bottom we are never satisfied with them, and so while we accept them in order to exist, at the same time we endeavor to continue the inquiry. All men are by nature inquisitive, but some make a profession of inquiry. A philosophy is the working tool of inquisitive men. "I would," said Democritus, "rather discover one cause than gain the kingdom of Persia." The vast discoveries connected with the atom in recent physics no doubt owe their origin to the early Greek philosophers who were the first to think about the possibilities of such discoveries.

In addition to wanting to know, the individual has things he wants to do, aims he wishes to achieve, goals he would like to reach. But it happens that unless some consistent plan is followed, he may defeat himself. He may be undoing with his left hand what he is endeavoring to do with his right, without ever understanding that this is the case. He may, for instance, want the high regard of his fellows but cheats them in order to gain it, and they in their turn may be so confused about values as to admire the success he has made in this way. Philosophy can facilitate a forward progress in achievement through action by formulating a life pattern in which the individual can measure his progress and continually correct his direction. By occasionally glancing at his philosophical compass he can keep from going off course.

Human beings can conduct their lives only in terms of some kind of framework. They are incapable of merely existing in a helter-skelter world. The framework is usually presented to them by a currently fashionable and dominant institution—a church or a state. But what is presented in this way is nothing more or less than philosophy. At some point it was the work of philosophers attempting to solve some of the recurrent problems of philosophy. The framework may be a myth, which is after all only a story told in symbols evoking emotions and regarded as true, as with a religion. Or the framework may be a kind of economic law, in which case it presents itself as the inevitable consequences of some basic facts, Marxism for instance. But in any case it is a framework, a philosophy imbedded in the nature of things and indispensable to people.

One of the most important branches of philosophy is ethics, the theory of the good. Morality is a socially adopted ethics. Men tend to think of morality as a curbing of the sexual impulse. But this is a negative side. There is a positive side which is more important and all-embracing: how one wishes to conduct oneself toward oneself as well as toward one's fellows. What ought one to do, what should one seek? These are typical moral questions. The composition of a life-plan is moral, and the following of it is, too.

Morality tends to lend depth to practice, to make of the activities of existence a wholly concrete affair having definite dimensions. The life of a man is fuller if he knows what life is. This is not to say, of course, that life should be rigid. Any comprehensive plan must have some elasticity, some allowance for revision and change. But to know in general where one wants to go—there is nothing unnecessarily confining about that. Morality is a set of laws that one sets up for oneself. Some laws are constrictive, but others add new freedom, and it is the latter kind that we are talking about. Prohibition was restrictive; it forbade everyone to drink alcohol, even the majority who knew how to control their amount. But traffic lights make it possible for everyone to cross an intersection faster than they otherwise would.

THE chief business of philosophy so far as the individual is concerned is to intensify life. And what it can do for the individual generally it can do for him in connection with any one of his many enterprises. This need not be understood in any high and mighty sense. Philosophy is useful in backing up the activities of each day. Jurisprudence, or the philosophy of law, is capable of intensifying the meaning of law for the ordinary citizen as well as for the practicing lawyer or judge. The philosophy of science lends depth to the experience of the research scientist, and it seems as though all of the great scientists have had an intense interest in this direction. Einstein, for instance, physicist though he was, had studied philosophy and been influenced by it. Behind every great physicist there has stood the philosophy he acquired in his early training.

If it is the business of philosophy

(*Continued on page* 48)

"They want to use his analysis of modern philosophy as the basis for a musical comedy."

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Elizabeth Madox Roberts:

LIFE IS FROM WITHIN

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

"THE TIME OF MAN," the first novel by a spinster of forty-five, was published in 1926. It was received with almost universal acclaim. Edward Garnett, reviewing the English edition, flatly described the author as a genius. And such varied admirers as Joseph Wood Krutch, Ford Madox Ford, Robert Morss Lovett, T. S. Stribling, and Glenway Wescott were not much less guarded in their praise. Furthermore, the novel was a best-seller and an adoption of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The next year "My Heart and My Flesh" was, again, a success, book club and all. By 1930, with the appearance of "The Great Meadow," the fourth novel, it was impossible to discuss American fiction without reference to Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

By the time of her death in 1941 Elizabeth Madox Roberts had lived past her reputation and her popularity. Now she is remembered only by those who read her in their youth when she was new, and news. The youth of today do not even know her name.

Elizabeth Eleanor Madox Roberts was born on October 30, 1881, in the village of Perryville, Kentucky, where one of the crucial and most bloody battles of the Civil War had been fought and where her own father, a raw volunteer, age sixteen, had received his baptism of Federal fire. Both the father and mother were of old Kentucky families, now living, in the backwash of war, in what euphemistically would be called reduced circumstances. Both the father and mother had been teachers, and were lovers of books and carriers of legend; and the imagination of the daughter Elizabeth was nourished on the long sweep of time from which the individual rises for his moment of effort and testing.

But to the sense of time was added a sense of place. Ferryville, and the little town of Springfield, to which the family removed when Elizabeth was three, lie in a fertile, well-watered country on the edge of the rich Blue Grass. It was then a quiet farm country in sight of the Knobs, with the old

Elizabeth Madox Roberts—inner victories.

ways of action, thought, and speech to be found up any lane off the Louisville pike, and sometimes on the pike. In childhood, in young ladyhood, and later as a lonely teacher in back-country schools, Elizabeth Madox Roberts learned those old ways. She knew the poetry of this pastoral quietness, but she knew, too, the violence and suffering beneath the quietness. Her stories grew out of the life of the place, and are told in a language firmly rooted in that place.

Stories grow out of place and time, but they also grow, if they are any good, out of the inner struggle of the writer; as Elizabeth Madox Roberts puts it: "Life Is from Within." So we think of the girl growing up isolated by poverty, dreams, and persistent bad health, trying to find a way for herself, but gradually learning, in what travail of spirit we cannot know except by inference, that hers would not be the ordinary, full-blooded way of the world. And how often in the novels do we find some vital, strong person, usually a man, described as "rich with blood" —and how much ambivalence may we detect behind the phrase?

Over and over again, the heroine of a novel is a young woman who must find a way. There is Ellen Chesser of "The Time of Man," who struggles in the dire poverty of the poor white, in ignorance, in rejection by the world and by her first lover, toward her spiritual fulfilment. There is Theodosia Bell of "My Heart and My Flesh," who suffers in the ruin of her genteel family, in the discovery of the father's licentiousness and of her mulatto sisters and brother, in rejection in love, in frustrated ambition as a musician in a physical and nervous collapse that draws her to the verge of suicide, but who finds a way back. There is Jocelle, of "He Sent Forth a Raven," who is trapped in a house of death (as Theodosia was trapped in the house of her aunt), is deprived of her lover, is shocked and fouled by a random rape, but who finds a way.

To return to the life of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, she was thirty-six years old when, after the apparently aimless years of schoolteaching in Springfield and the country around, she took the decisive step that put her on the way, and registered at the University of Chicago. Here, a freshman old enough to be the mother of her classmates, she moved into the literary life of the university, associating before long with such young writers of talent as Glenway Wescott, Yvor Winters, Janet Lewis, and Monroe Wheeler. She had escaped from Springfield. But she had brought Springfield with her. And after her graduation she went back to Springfield.

She was forty years old. On the surface she had little enough to show for what Springfield must have regarded as her eccentric adventure, only a Phi Beta Kappa key and a handful of little poems; but in 1922, the year when the handful of poems was published as a volume called "Under the Tree," she began work on "The Time of Man." In it are the sweep of time, the depth and richness of place, and the echo of her own struggle to find a way. These things were the gifts her experience had given.

As she put it in her journal, Elizabeth Madox Roberts had originally thought of "the wandering tenant farmer of our region as offering a symbol for an

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Odyssy [sic] of man as a wanderer, buffetted about by the fates and weathers." But by the time she began to write, the main character was Ellen Chesser, the daughter of such a man, and we see her, in the opening sentence of the novel, age fourteen, sitting in the broken-down wagon of their wanderings, writing her name in the empty air with her finger. This "Odyssy" is, essentially, a spiritual journey, the journey of the self toward the deep awareness of identity, which means peace. As for the stages of the journey, again we may turn to the journal:

> I. A Genesis. She comes into the land. But the land rejects her. She remembers Eden (Tessie).
> II. She grows into the land, takes soil or root. Life tries her, lapses into loveliness—in the not-lover Trent.
> III. Expands with all the land.
> IV. The first blooming.
> V. Withdrawal—and sinking back into the earth.
> VI. Flowering out of stone.*

The numbering here does not refer to chapters, but to the basic movements of the story, which the author took to be, to adapt the phrasing of one of the reviewers, an emblem of the common lot, a symbol of the time of man.

The abstract pattern given in the journal is, in the novel itself, fleshed out in the story of Ellen Chesser. In this life of shiftless wandering she yearns for a red wagon that won't break down. Later, as she passes by the solid farmhouses set amid maples and sees the farmers on sleek horses or encounters their wives with suspicion in their glance, and learns that she is outcast and alienated, she yearns for things by which to identify herself. "If I only had things to put in drawers and drawers to put things in," she says, remembering herself begging old clothes at the door of a rich house. And later still, when she has found her man, she dreams of "Good land lying out smooth, a little clump of woodland, just enough to shade the cows at noon, a house fixed, the roof mended, a porch to sit on when the labor was done"—all this a dream never to come quite true.

What does come true in the end—after the betrayal by her first love, after the struggle against the impulse to violence and suicide, after love and childbearing, after unremitting work and the sight of reward tantalizingly just out of reach, after betrayal by the husband and reconciliation over the body of a dead child, after the whipping of her husband, by night riders, as a suspected barnburner—is the discovery of the strength to deal with life. "I'll go somewhere far out of hearen of this place," her husband says, nursing his stripes. "I've done little that's amiss here, but still I'd have to go." And she says: "I'd go where you go and live where you live, all my enduren life." So they take to the road again: "They went a long way while the moon was still high above the trees, stopping only at some creek to water the beasts."

Thus the abstract pattern is fleshed out with the story of Ellen, but the story itself is fleshed out by her consciousness. What lies at the center of the consciousness is a sense of wonder. It is, in the beginning, the wonder of youth and unlettered ignorance, simple wonder at the objects of the world, at the strange thing to be seen at the next turn of the road or over the next hill, at the wideness of the world, sometimes an "awe of all places," and a "fear of trees and stones," sometimes a wonder at the secret processes of the world, as when her father tells her that rocks "grow," that some have "shells printed on the side and some have little snails worked on their edges," and that once he "found a spider with a dragon beast in a picture on its back." But all the wonder at the wideness and age and ways of the world passes over into wonder at the fact of self set in the midst of the world, as when in a lonely field Ellen cries out against the wind, "I'm Ellen Chesser! I'm here!"

BEYOND naïve wonder and the deeper wonder at the growth of selfhood, there is a sense of life as ritual even in the common duties, as an enactment that numenously embodies the relation of the self to its setting in nature, in the human community, and in time. Take, for example, the scene where Ellen is engaged in the daily task of feeding the flock of turkeys—turkeys, by the way, not her own:

> She would take the turkey bread in her hand and go, bonnetless, up the gentle hill across the pasture in the light of sundown, calling the hens as she went. She was keenly aware of the ceremony and aware of her figure rising out of the fluttering birds, of all moving together about her. She would hear the mules crunching their fodder as she went past the first barn, and she would hear the swish of the falling hay, the thud of a mule hoof on a board, a man's voice ordering or whistling a tune. . . . She would crumble down the bread for each brood near its coop and she would make the count and see to the drinking pans. Then she would go back through the gate, only a wire fence dividing her from the milking group, and walk down the pasture in the dusk. That was all; the office would be done.

This sense of ritual, here explicit for the only time but suffusing the book, is related to the notion of "telling." Ritual makes for the understanding of experience in relation to the community of the living and the dead; so does "telling." Ellen, when the family first drops aside from the life of the road, yearns to see her friend Tessie, one of the wanderers, for in "telling" Tessie of the new life she would truly grasp it. Or the father sits by the fire and tells his life: "That's the story of my life, and you wanted to know it." Or Jonas, the lover who is later to jilt Ellen, makes his courtship by a "telling" of his sin. And later on, Jasper "would come that night and tell her the story of his life and then, if she was of a mind to have him, they would get married."

The novel is not Ellen's own "telling," but it is a shadow of her telling. The language, that is, is an index of her consciousness, and as such is the primary exposition of her character and sensibility. But it is also the language of her people, of her place and class, with all the weight of history and experience in it. We can isolate turns and phrases that belong to this world: ". . . if he comes again and takes off the property he'll maybe have trouble and a lavish of it too." Or: "I got no call to be a-carryen water for big healthy trollops. Have you had bad luck with your sweethearten?" But it is not the color of the isolated turn that counts most. It is, rather, the rhythm and tone of the whole; and not merely in dialogue, but in the subtle way the language of the outer world is absorbed into the shadowy paraphrase of Ellen's awareness, and discreetly informs the general style. For instance, as she sits late by the fire with her first love, Jonas, with her father snoring away in the bed across the room:

> The mouse came back and ate crumbs near the chairs. Ellen's eyes fell on the little oblong gray ball as it rolled nearer and nearer. Jonas was sitting with her, tarrying. It was a token. She looked at his hand where it lay over her hand in her lap, the same gaze holding the quiet of the mouse and the quiet of his hand that moved, when it stirred, with the sudden soft motions of the little beast. The roosters crowed from farm to farm in token of midnight and Henry turned in his sleep once again.

It is, all in all, a dangerous game to play. In a hundred novels for a hundred years we have seen it go sour, either by condescension or by the strain to

(*Continued on page* 38)

*The references are drawn from "Herald to Chaos," by Earl H. Rovit.

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Love's Savor Lost

By GRANVILLE HICKS

LAST year Leslie Fiedler, a belligerently controversial literary critic, published a collection of short stories, "Pull Down Vanity" (*SR*, May 5, 1962), which I felt to be only partly successful but interesting in spite of weak spots. I have the same feeling about his first novel, "**The Second Stone**" (Stein & Day, $5.95). If it seems as disorderly as a three-ring circus, it does hold the attention.

The novel is laid in Rome in the Fifties. Clem Stone, a writer, mostly unpublished, who has been living in the city for several years while working on a novel about his war experiences, encounters his boyhood friend, Mark Stone. He also encounters Mark's wife, Hilda, with whom he instantly falls in love. The development of the triangular situation through a brief but intense period is the principal theme of the book.

Mark and Clem were radicals together, first Stalinists and then Trotskyites, in high school and college, but they have gone different ways. Mark, who has become "the spokesman for a return to religion without a commitment to God," is head of a new Reformed Seminary and something of a public figure. He is in Rome for the First International Conference on Love, which he has organized and at which sociologists, psychologists, theologians, writers, and all sorts of other authorities from many countries are assembled.

Clem, on the other hand, has courted failure as avidly as Mark has courted success. His wife having understandably left him, he lives in poverty and squalor, not even working on his book. He has preserved his integrity at all costs, including the sacrifice of cleanliness and politeness. When she first meets him, Hilda refers to him as "a nasty child." Later she calls him "the loveliest lunatic of all," but on the same occasion a British philosopher, female, describes him as "this aging teddy boy." He can be perceptive, and he can be pigheaded; he can be amusing, and he can be tiresome.

Between them stands Hilda. It is no accident that Fiedler has given her the name of Hawthorne's heroine in "The Marble Faun," a character that Fiedler discusses at length in "Love and Death in the American Novel." (There are other echoes of "The Marble Faun," particularly in the use of Roman scenes.) One of Hawthorne's characters says of his Hilda, "Her womanhood is of the ethereal type, and incompatible with any shadow of darkness or evil." Fiedler's Hilda is not exactly ethereal, and her behavior would scandalize Hawthorne and his generation; but there is, we are told, something virginal about her, and much is made of her cleanliness and delicacy. Clem says, with his usual vehemence, "I thought you were a *femme fatale* disguised as a snowmaiden. You're only a snowmaiden disguised as a *femme fatale* disguised as a snowmaiden." ("Snowmaiden," incidentally, is Fiedler's word for the other Hilda.)

Fiedler subtitles the book "A Love Story," and it is at any rate a novel about love in many aspects. Clem loves Hilda, but at the same time he is drawn back to his wife. Hilda loves Clem, but she also, in some ways, loves Mark. Between Clem and Mark, for all their differences, remain strong ties of affection and need. Clem's affair with Hilda is not the simple, straightforward, passionate, carnal affair he professes to want. And in the background are the speakers at the conference, theorizing endlessly about love.

THE descriptions of the conference come close to burlesque. Its "angel," a rich manufacturer of contraceptives, is given to malapropisms. ("What is the customary politesse for the unmentionable?" "Technology and love are learning to be sybaritic.") Two novelists from the United States, a self-conscious, self-righteous highbrow and a professional Negro, are frank caricatures. An Italian writer, an unabashed opportunist, cuts a ridiculous figure. Mark, who is absurd enough himself, presides at the end over a kind of Last Supper, at which there are five Judases. A wise old man from Japan expresses his wisdom in scatological terms. Fiedler makes the usual disclaimer, and I don't care whether some of the characters can be identified or not, but there is bound to be speculation.

This is not only a book about love: it is also a book about Americans in Europe, a theme that, as Fiedler knows very well, has a long history. The gulf between Americans and Europeans, he seems to be saying, is as great now as it was more than a hundred years ago when Hawthorne wrote "The Marble Faun." Now, moreover, the attitude of Europeans towards Americans is marked not only by condescension but also by acute hostility. Clem, who has himself rejected America, who has felt at one with the Romans, is stripped of his identity when he is made the object of this anti-American bitterness: "At the will of a guitarist, a clown, he could be reduced to a political symbol, the almost-cipher of his Americanism." Later he takes part in a May Day riot against the American Embassy, carried back, first, to the demonstrations of his Communist days and then to the mindless violence of any mob.

The title illustrates Fiedler's complex ingenuity. It is, to begin with, a pun on the name the two men share: one or the other, depending on which way you look at it, is the second Stone. Then in the mob scene Clem finds a stone thrust into his hand, drops it, finds himself holding a second stone, and hurls it "toward Mark, toward the American Embassy, toward his boyhood, toward home." He is not, I suppose, sufficiently "without sin," sufficiently single-minded, to throw the first stone, but he does throw the second. The act is ambivalent: "'Americans go home!' he roared for the last time, and he knew that he at least would, would go home."

The weaknesses of the novel have already been suggested. Not only do the satirical passages come close to a too easy kind of burlesque; there is a great variation of tone in the more serious portions of the novel, from the poetic and would-be poetic to the grossly realistic. The book is constantly threatening to fly apart, and now and then it does. Furthermore, Fiedler is so unrestrainedly analytical in his treatment of his characters that sometimes they simply dissolve. Yet the novel has an interest that does not derive merely from the author's ideas. As I said when I reviewed the short stories, Fiedler has a gift for fiction, though his grip on his craft is uncertain. Some of his comic scenes are really funny, and some of the dramatic episodes—for instance, the May Day riot—are compelling. A good many of the characters never come to life, but the book itself is alive.

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Wit and the Wages of Wisdom

"Private Shaw and Public Shaw: A Dual Portrait of Lawrence of Arabia and G.B.S.," by Stanley Weintraub *(Braziller. 302 pp. $5), documents the friendship of two of the most extraordinary figures of our time. Harry T. Moore of the University of Colorado has just completed a memoir of Richard Aldington.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE "PUBLIC" Shaw was Bernard, the aging playwright; while "Private" Shaw was precisely and technically that for a number of years, although he had once been a colonel: he was, of course, T. E. Lawrence, whom the British press called "the uncrowned king of Arabia." These two Shaws met by the thinnest chance early in 1922, when Bernard Shaw, at sixty-six, considered himself perhaps finished as a dramatist—though "Saint Joan" lay yet ahead—and when Lawrence-Shaw, at thirty-four, had just completed the second version of his war experiences, the subsequently famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." These contrasting eccentrics magnetized each other; and now Stanley Weintraub has written an animated story of their friendship, which ended only with Lawrence's violent death in 1935.

Bernard Shaw's crisp wit and roguishly attractive comedies were already celebrated in the theatrical capitals of the world, as they still are. Long before meeting Lawrence, Shaw had often written of men of action, some of them with Lawrence of Arabia's sense of mischievousness; for example, Dick Dudgeon ("The Devil's Disciple"), who was willing to be hanged in the place of a man who had a pretty wife; Captain Bluntschli ("Arms and the Man"), who went into battle with chocolates instead of cartridges; or Julius Caesar ("Caesar and Cleopatra"), that incarnation of a sophisticated Victorian statesman. In Lawrence, Bernard Shaw met a sensitive intellectual who was renowned as a guerrilla leader. Yet the man was flamboyantly insecure, both shrinking from and seeking publicity, and soon to retreat monkishly into the ranks, first as Aircraftman John Hume Ross and then as Private T. E. Shaw. His legal adoption of the latter name can only lead Mr. Weintraub, like other biographers, into speculation as to the reasons; actually, as is now common knowledge, T. E. Lawrence-Shaw was the illegitimate son of Thomas Chapman, who had taken the name of Lawrence.

Names apart, Private Shaw could look up to the public Shaw as another man of Irish descent, one who, without benefit of Oxford exposure or a Damascus campaign, knew how to hoax and nourish vast audiences and had done so with a puckish originality somewhat beyond the range of the self-tormented desert adventurer. Nevertheless, T. E. Lawrence had writing talent of his own, mimetic though it often was; and he could turn out chromatic sentences that, however artificial they seem at times, have a narrative force that bears out Mr. Weintraub's defense of "Seven Pillars" as a positive contribution to English literature.

Another of Mr. Weintraub's points is the importance of Bernard Shaw's wife, Charlotte, in the Shaw-Shaw relationship. A letter from her to Private Shaw after she had first read "Seven Pillars" is only one of several significant new documents Mr. Weintraub brings to light in this book. With admirable insight he perceives a crucial point in the kinship between Mrs. Shaw and Lawrence of Arabia: Charlotte had married Bernard Shaw only "after obtaining his agreement that the marriage would never be physically consummated," while the celibate Lawrence's "sense of revulsion extended to almost every kind of physical contact with another human being." All true: hence, as Mr. Weintraub indicates, this man and this woman were spiritually in key and could write to one another with a raw candor.

The word "almost" in the sentence quoted above is an astute qualification. Lawrence's most recent previous biographer, Anthony Nutting, sums up several earlier opinions when he decides that Lawrence was essentially a masochist; and Lawrence's apparent obsession with homosexuality has suggested to Richard Aldington and some other commentators that Lawrence's inclinations were homoerotic. The famous rape he suffered in the Turkish-held town of Deraa—an incident in "Seven Pillars," and the high point of Terence Rattigan's play "Ross"—might provide, as Rattigan suggests, a clue to Lawrence's nature and one that awakened him to its potential. This experience is discussed in a letter from Lawrence to Charlotte Shaw, now in the British Museum. Mr. Weintraub mentions the document, and although,

"A diplomat! How perfectly wonderful. You can park anywhere you want."

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like his predecessors, he was probably not allowed to quote from it, he at least owes his readers an evaluation of its contents. That he doesn't provide one is disappointing.

The book, however, contains few such omissions or evasions. It nimbly carries a full narrative, never stumbling under its necessary load of fact, and the author continually lightens the journey with clarifying observations. He shows Bernard Shaw in full bloom, playful but obstinate, among other activities rewriting parts of "Seven Pillars." This book in turn influenced "Saint Joan," according to Mr. Weintraub, who makes an earnest defense of another late Shaw play that is usually downgraded: "Too True to Be Good." Mr. Weintraub mentions not only the well-known fact that Lawrence was the original of Private Meek in this comedy, but adds the interesting new idea that Lawrence also sat for the portrait of Aubrey Bagot.

The subject matter of Mr. Weintraub's book is almost, it might be said, too good to be true: the close relationship of G. B. S. and T. E. L., the *enfant terrible* of British literature persistently going to high officials in an attempt to better the lot of the one-time official who had renounced officialdom and who became exasperated at the efforts of his friend to help him. That is only one of the many amusing aspects of this book, which for the first time puts together a good deal of compelling drama about some compellingly dramatic human beings.

Sense and Sensitivity

"Puzzles and Epiphanies," by Frank Kermode *(Chilmark. 234 pp. $4.95), directs new light on the talents of such men as Yeats, Valéry, Eliot, and Pasternak. James Gray frequently comments on the contemporary literary scene.*

By JAMES GRAY

ONE OF the most gratifying of those "minor pleasures of life" that Rose Macaulay celebrated so engagingly is to find oneself in the company of an intelligence that one can respect without reserve. The tensions induced by many disappointing past experiences with minds supposedly qualified to instruct drop away; the guards raised unconsciously against pretension, special pleading, or any obvious determination to be beguiling are lowered in delighted surprise; one relaxes in the comforting awareness that here is a temper to be trusted. If it is a learned spirit, one perceives that it is also a courteous, generous, and casual one, up to no bullying tricks. If it is a sober, searching guide, it is also capable of humorous as well as earnest insights. I am describing, I hope, the rare but not impossible combination of qualities to be found in a high-spirited yet unhysterical adventurer in the realm of ideas.

Such an intelligence is owned and effectively operated by the comparatively young English critic Frank Kermode, whose book of essays, "Puzzles and Epiphanies," will introduce his distinguished talent to American readers.

It is an assumption widely held among the naïve that the practice of criticism is based on the technique of rejection: a sour old man or desiccated spinster sits in a cell hung with crêpe, coldly and ruthlessly throwing into the discard all the golden manifestations of creative inspiration. Nothing could be more exactly untrue. Criticism exists to appreciate excellence. Its function is to insure the permanence of a contribution to art by establishing its worth in the eyes of a public that does not claim to be expert in evaluation. Criticism undertakes to identify excellence, define it, explore it, search out and reveal its secrets. Pleasure is increased by understanding the fine points of a game, as anyone must agree who has ever watched the World Series on television. It is the delight of the able practitioner of criticism to increase the pleasure available in art by mining for its meanings, illuminating its hidden treasures, and tracing the delicacy and richness of its details.

Frank Kermode is a good critic because he envelops his subject in a warm abundance of perceptivity. He derives his unusual resources of understanding in part from scholarship, in part from an instinctual responsiveness to the creative impulse. The range of reference in his writing is broad; the action of his sympathies is at once powerful and sensitive.

In these adventures in evaluation he touches a great variety of interests. To begin with, there is a surprising and, in the end, persuasive study of how the dancer Loïe Fuller gave the poets of her day a new insight into their own creative processes by showing how it is possible for a "nondiscursive" art like hers to mend the dissociation of form and matter and thus to achieve an expression of "intuitive truth." From this valuable rediscovery, he proceeds to many exercises in discrimination that also amount to rediscoveries because they patiently, yet with a skill that seems effortless, direct new light on the talents of Yeats, Valéry, Eliot, Pasternak—the whole company of conspicuous men of our time, all the way along the line to Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell, and Vladimir Nabokov.

Because he concerns himself here only with major talents, Kermode is not bothered by the critic's secondary responsibility, which is to dismiss what is meretricious, contrived, formulary, and unfelt in order that honesty of standards may be maintained. But his commitment even to conspicuous achievement is never so slavish that he neglects the qualifying estimations that set limits to an individual artist's art. He admires in Edmund Wilson a kind of identification with his task that enables him to "attach himself" to a work of imagination and then to "withdraw" from it for a scrupulously careful and just re-examination of his own primary response. Kermode shows precisely the same kind of intellectual flexibility. To this he adds the enormous advantage of complete independence. Committed to no school of criticism, no cult of sensibility, no set of dogmas, he belongs as observer to the whole world of literature, and as critic only to himself.

ONE would quarrel with him only occasionally: I would do so over Angus Wilson's "The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot," when he seems, now and again, to review not the book that actually escaped into print but a better one that the author might have written had he possessed the critic's deeper insight and steadier discipline.

One effect on a responsive reader of "Puzzles and Epiphanies" will be to make him think rather better of the intellectual and artistic activity of the present than he has perhaps felt inclined to do. The writers presented here are creatures with a fine urgency of feeling. If the serious critic needs justification, it may be found in the fact that a man like Frank Kermode makes one eager to go back over the ground he has covered and take a new look at the collective genius of the twentieth century.

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To the Literary Manner Born

"The Familiar Faces," by David Garnett *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 221 pp. $5.75), the third volume of memoirs by the novelist-publisher-editor, recalls the period between the First and Second World Wars. J. D. Scott is a Scottish-born novelist and critic now living in London.*

By J. D. SCOTT

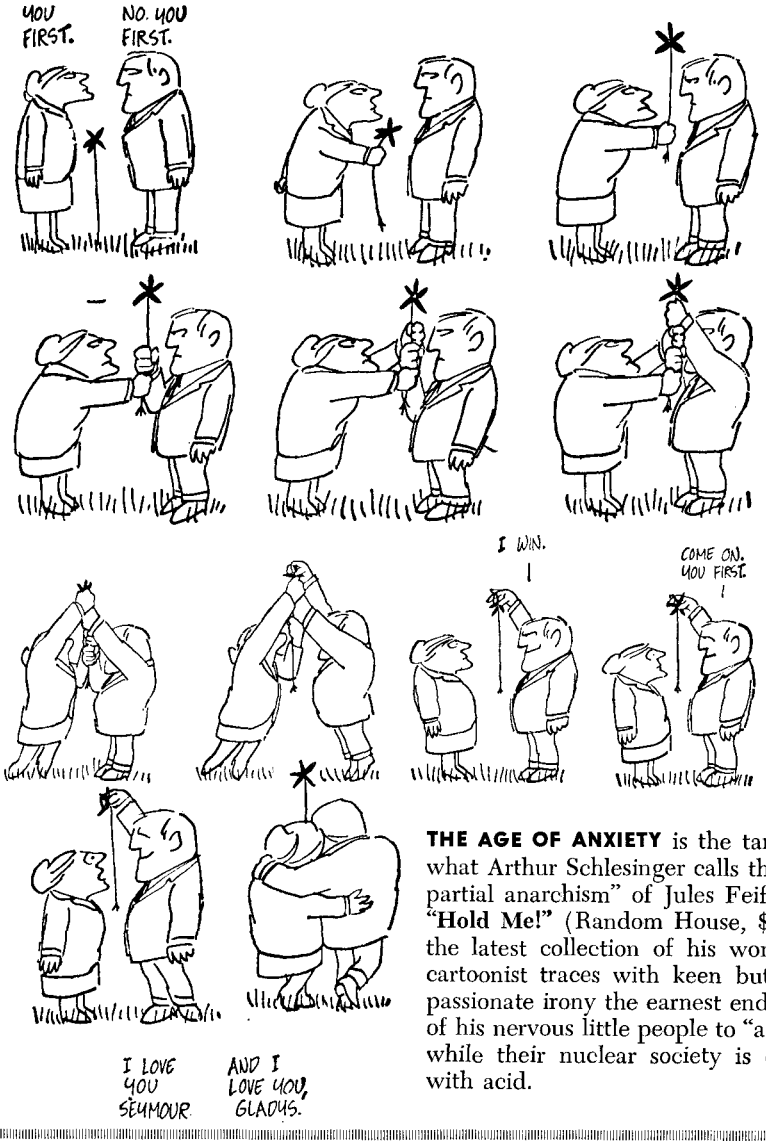
READERS of David Garnett's "The Golden Echo" and "The Flowers of the Forest" will know what to expect here. Born into one of the Great Families of European literature, watched over in his cradle by W. B. Yeats and Prince Peter Kropotkin, himself not only a writer but, at various times, a bookseller, a publisher, and a literary editor, Mr. Garnett has lived all his life in that fabulous country called The Literary World, where everyone is interesting, witty, and articulate.

For Mr. Garnett it has produced its best. In the present volume, in addition to the familiar figures of Virginia Woolf and Maynard Keynes, we have T. E. Lawrence, Bernard Shaw, and George Moore, with appearances by all kinds of people from Picasso to Lady Astor. In the course of the book Mr. Garnett ceases to be a bookseller, he and his wife move from London to Huntingdonshire, they travel a bit, and later, on the outbreak of war, Mr. Garnett is called up for service in the Air Ministry. But, wherever he may be, he keeps in close touch with his old friends, quite a number of whom are, like himself, becoming well known, or are already famous.

Some of the author's most interesting relationships, however, were with people less well known; there is, for instance, a curious account of his friendship with the Welsh writer Dorothy Edwards. Talented, intense, plain, socially a misfit in Mr. Garnett's circles, she was able to provoke in return for her love for him nothing more than admiration, a troubled affection, and an anxious guardianship. To get round some of the difficulties of this very difficult relationship, Mr. Garnett adopted Dorothy Edwards as his sister; it was an ingenious but not altogether satisfactory solution. The whole episode illustrates the kind of emotional tangles that writers find it so hard to escape, since admiration for another writer's talent (which can be compulsive) doesn't always match with purely personal feelings.

Given all the circumstances it is curious how unliterary these memoirs are—unliterary both in a good and in a bad sense. They are singularly free from the writer's occupational diseases of malice and self-pity. "Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail"; Mr. Garnett has experienced or been threatened by all of these except, apparently, the second. But he does not wail about them; he is by temperament a stoic and a man of action. He is not much given to introspection; he tells what he was doing, where he went, what places looked like, what people said. This gives his memoirs a very pleasant, likable quality, like good, friendly conversation. As a memoirist Mr. Garnett has preeminently what used to be called "the tone of good society"; his reminiscences are discursive and rather disorganized, as though the author felt it would be pretentious to offer us anything more rigorous. The book might be the memoirs of a diplomat or a literate soldier.

Yet it is wrong to complain about this. Mr. Garnett is a creative writer, and the true personality of a creative writer is found in his creative books. If you want to read a shrewd, urbane, yet feeling account of English literary life seen from its center, read "The Familiar Faces"; if you want to know David Garnett himself, read his novels.



THE AGE OF ANXIETY is the target of what Arthur Schlesinger calls the "impartial anarchism" of Jules Feiffer. In **"Hold Me!"** (Random House, $2.95), the latest collection of his work, the cartoonist traces with keen but compassionate irony the earnest endeavors of his nervous little people to "adjust"; while their nuclear society is etched with acid.

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A Thin but Important Opening

ON AUGUST 2, 1962, Arthur H. Dean, U.S. Representative to the Geneva Disarmament Conference, testified before a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He was attempting to explain why a fairly small number of inspection stations inside the Soviet Union would represent an adequate safeguard against secret underground explosions. He confirmed the fact that earlier calculations by officials of the Atomic Energy Commission had been erroneous. The AEC had contended that some 500 earthquakes of varying severity occurred inside the Soviet Union each year. (Since the seismic recordings of these events are similar to disturbances caused by underground tests of nuclear bombs, any detection system would have to be comprehensive enough to make certain that disturbances were not caused by atomic explosions. The Soviet Union contended that the only possible purpose served by these inspection stations was espionage.)

For several years the estimate of 500 earthquakes inside the Soviet Union had served as an important guideline for the inspection system advocated by the U.S. in the negotiations with the Soviet Union. Ambassador Dean told the Senators that this guideline was incorrect, for it had been ascertained that the actual number of earthquakes inside the Soviet Union was only one-fifth of the original estimate.

How could something as important as this be so wide of the mark?

Ambassador Dean informed the Senators that the government scientists had made "certain assumptions" which proved to be wrong. They were using an "erroneous conversion factor." In any event, the main point he wished to make was that it was now possible to scale down our demands without making "concessions" to the Soviet Union.

Yet the fact that we had changed our proposal, Mr. Dean added, was being interpreted in news reports as giving in to the Russians. For weeks, he said, he had tried without success to explain the situation to the press. He tried to get newsmen to recognize that accurate data on earthquakes in the Soviet Union, plus highly improved instrumentation, created a new basis for our position. We were not appeasing; we were proceeding on the basis of new and accurate information; we were acting in the national interest.

But, the Ambassador said, the press seems to insist on taking the negative view. "Somehow or other the reporters say it makes better stories; it makes better headlines; and that is what the people want."

This is not the first time that misinformation or errors have hardened into a public impression that has been difficult to change. For example, one of the earliest arguments advanced by AEC scientists against any ban on nuclear tests was that seismic instruments for detecting atomic explosions had a range of only 500 miles. Yet an underground test in Nevada was recorded on instruments in Alaska, 2,300 miles away. Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, discussing this error, said it made our policy at the time "look silly."

It was also at the hearings last August that Senator Hubert Humphrey protested the lack of hard information on matters relating to nuclear policy.

"Nobody knows anything," he said. "I have never seen the like of it. I protest it. I serve on the Appropriations Committee and all we are told is that more money is needed. . . . I think every time you have an agency around here so cloaked in secrecy that it feeds on secrecy—it tells less and less to fewer and fewer—and the more mystery there is the more leeway it has to do as it pleases. These new weapon systems promote secrecy in science. . . . Every time you get a committee around here invested with secrecy you weaken this government."

If the Senate of the United States sometimes finds itself confused on nuclear matters, the American people cannot be blamed if they are less knowledgeable about the issue of atomic testing than on any other question affecting the national survival. By this time, for example, there is almost total bewilderment on fallout. It is doubtful if one man in one thousand knows what the true situation is. A year or two ago there seemed to be a growing conviction that fallout was dangerous. At present, the public apprehension has considerably dwindled. A not inconsiderable part of the credit for the present lack of concern belongs to Edward Teller, the physicist, who has popularized the notion that fallout is no more harmful to the individual than the radiation from a luminous watch dial. Dr. Teller is an advocate of continued testing. No man, not even the President of the United States, has received more attention for his views on nuclear matters than Dr. Teller. Unfortunately for the nation, Dr. Teller's reassurances to the American people are in many respects no more accurate than the AEC statements concerning the range of seismic detection or the problem with respect to earthquakes.

WHAT is the actual situaion on fallout? We quote now from the report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation (unanimously adopted on November 20, 1962). The United States voted for the resolution contained in the report.

This is what the report says on the matter of genetic damage from radiation:

"There should be no misunderstanding about the reality of genetic damage from radiation. Although individual mutations vary greatly in their effect,

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there is no doubt than any increase in mutation is harmful."

On the matter of cancer or leukemia: "Exposure to radiation, even in doses substantially lower than those producing acute effects, may occasionally give rise to a wide variety of harmful effects, including cancer, leukemia, and inherited abnormalities, which in some cases may not be easily distinguishable from naturally occurring conditions or identifiable as due to radiation. Irradiation for short or long periods, either of animals or man, may cause neoplastic changes, of which leukemia appears to be earliest to develop in man."

From the conclusions of the report: "Exposure of mankind to radiation from increasing numbers of artificial sources, *including the world-wide contamination of the environment with short- and long-lived radio-nuclides from weapons tests* [italics ours], calls for the closest attention, particularly because the effects of any increase in radiation exposure may not be fully manifested for several decades in the case of somatic disease, and for many generations in the case of genetic damage. . . .

"As there are no effective measures to prevent the occurrence of harmful effects of global radioactive contamination from nuclear explosions, the achievement of a final cessation of nuclear tests would benefit present and future generations of mankind."

Meanwhile, the counts for radioactive strontium have soared close to or beyond the "permissible" limits set several years ago by the International Commission on Radiological Protection. Little Rock, Arkansas; New Orleans, Louisiana; Jackson, Mississippi; Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Seattle, Washington, are only a few of the cities which have been recording high dosages from the stepped-up nuclear tests by the Soviet Union and the United States. The levels of radioactive iodine set by the Federal Radiation Council have already been exceeded in Palmer, Alaska, and closely approached in Des Moines, Kansas City, and Salt Lake City. In its 1961 atmospheric series alone, the Soviet Union pumped more radioactive garbage into the sky than resulted from any set of tests by any nation up to that time.

There is no way of calculating the amount of harm done not just to their own peoples but to almost all peoples above the Equator by the nations engaging in nuclear explosions. Yet this is not the only prime argument against testing. The absence of a ban on tests makes it that much easier for nation after nation to develop or procure nuclear bombs. And the spread of these weapons can lead to a threat to the security of this nation unlike any danger in its history. Atomic bombs in quantity in the hands of Communist China could change the world balance of power almost beyond recognition.

Responsible American military officials have called attention to the danger. On September 17, 1962, Paul Nitze, Assistant Secretary of Defense, spoke before the Preparedness Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Armed Services. He observed that, even apart from the military danger, Chinese nuclear capability would have profound political significance throughout Asia. He spoke of the implications of the spread of nuclear weapons to other critical areas in the world.

TAKING everything into account, Secretary Nitze stressed it was clearly in the national interest to bring an end to nuclear testing.

Why, then, has there been no ban? Two reasons stand out. The first and more obvious one has been the refusal for a long time of the Soviet Union to accept on-site inspection. So long as this situation persisted, the chances for an agreement were nil. But this January, the Soviet Union accepted the principle of on-site inspection and suddenly the prospects brightened for a major breakthrough on the nuclear front. Specifically, the Soviet Union said it was willing to acccept a detection system based on three stations and three inspections. This was not very far away from the system proposed by the United States at the Geneva negotiations. President Kennedy said the change in the Soviet position was most salutary.

This brings us to the second reason for the test-ban impasse. Dr. Teller and the group for which he speaks have been extraordinarily effective in mobilizing opinion against test cessation. Their position, however, has not always been completely consistent. For example, when President Eisenhower initiated a ban on atmospheric testing for various reasons, of which the fallout danger was one, Dr. Teller argued for underground testing, claiming that fallout was not a factor. But when underground testing began, he argued that atmospheric testing was also essential. During the test-ban negotiations at Geneva, he argued against any treaty that did not provide for on-site inspection. When the principle of on-site inspection was accepted recently by the Soviet Union and was welcomed by President Kennedy as a hopeful sign, Dr. Teller argued against any test ban, with or without inspection.

It seems clear that Dr. Teller is spokesman for the point of view that wishes no limitation whatsoever placed on the weapon-making and weapon-stockpiling capacity of the United States. In short, he would seem to support an unlimited continuation of the arms race. How this helps anyone except the Communist Chinese, who believe in the inevitability of war and who are resolutely opposed to any measures that lead away from the East-West confrontation, it is difficult to see.

The new talks in Geneva are not going well. It is possible that the Soviet Union, which has been charged by Communist China with appeasing the United States, will back away from its agreement to accept inspection. If it does, then the world will move that much closer to the nuclear edge. Meanwhile, however, there would seem to be an opening, thin though it is. Whether it is wide enough for any effective agreement it is difficult to say. In any case, the President of the United States needs to know that he has the backing of the American people on this issue.

Anyone who has ever asked himself the question "What can I do?" need be tormented by his helplessness no longer. He can make known his views to the people in government whose job it is to represent him. —N.C.

Death of a Poet

By Eric Barker

WHEN the feeding springs became dry mouths,
alders lost their reflections;
the river bed cracked like a map
and he went away, following his own directions.
Plotted out in his last poem, they are
taking him everywhere and nowhere, anonymous
as a leaf in the wind. But here,
where he disappeared in the dwindling mirrors
and his voice petered out among the stones,
he comes back clearly in his favorite season,
on this first day of the returning clouds
under the blowing alders, in the remembering stream.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REPORT FROM THE VATICAN

As California's only accredited layman *giornalista* at the Vatican Council, may I welcome *SR* to that small coterie of publications reporting the Council realistically; i.e., *Editor & Publisher, The New Yorker, Reader's Digest, Time,* the Novato *Advance, The Tablet* and *Morning Telegraph* (London), the Manchester *Guardian,* and *Paris-Match.* N.C.'s "Pope John and His Open Window" [*SR,* Jan. 19] is superb.

What comment, if any, will there be in the U.S. Catholic press?

Paul Brindel.

Novato, Calif.

DE GUSTIBUS . . .

James M. Adams's complaint about the piped-in music in the mobile lounge at Dulles Airport [Letters to the Editor, Feb. 9] is, to my mind, quite unjustified. Suppose it were not furnished? Then the riders would be at the complete mercy of the morons who carry transistor portable radios and inflict on us the atrocities of the A.M. broadcast. For this reason I have for years ceased to eat in any place that does not furnish its own music. The public taste is not to be endured.

Claude de Crespigny.

Houston, Tex.

OUR MAN IN THE MAELSTROM

Good heavens, didn't *anyone* have a good word to say regarding John Ciardi's "On Writing and Bad Writing" [*SR,* Dec. 15]?

With a background of having written some 300,000 words annually for thirty years and, like Mr. Ciardi, having had a tour of duty attempting to teach writing, I thought his article good enough to circulate it to all editors, staff writers, and copy readers on these two newspapers.

The writer who hasn't learned to recognize his own bad efforts has not yet even set foot upon the threshold of good writing.

Warren H. Pierce,
Chief Editorial Writer,
St. Petersburg *Times,*
Evening Independent.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

THE GENIUS AND THE NEUROTIC

Thank you for Joseph Wood Krutch's "Genius and Neuroticism" [*SR,* Jan. 19]. I feel with him that this subject is intriguing and yet elusive. Let me attempt to add to those views discussed in the article still another way of looking at this problem.

I see neuroticism as an adaptation to life, i.e., the best possible adjustment a certain individual can make given his intrapsychic conflicts, ego strengths, and environmental pressures. This view does not, as Dr. Hinckle implied in the article, label neurotic adjustment as "all bad" and something that the genius must overcome in order to create. It also does not contend that the artist's creation is solely dependent on his neuroticism. This view, rather, suggests that genius is a function of "ego" (in the Freudian structural hypothesis), i.e., the creation is mediated through the synthesizing and integrating portion of the psyche. The energy and motivating drive to create and produce may very well be the outgrowth of the intra-psychic conflict.

The implication is that, were the genius psychoanalyzed, the talent, residing in the ego, would not be "analyzed away" but the internal pressure to sublimate the conflict might be altered. To elaborate, sublimation is an unconscious ego function, an attempt to deal in a socially acceptable way (and who would deny the acceptability of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Poe's masterpieces?) with conflictual material struggling for expression. This expression is potentially destructive or disintegrating to the personality, but not when expressed through the ego and "talent" as art.

To take this idea one step further, the appreciation of art, as suggested in the article, may very well be our unconscious "being in tune" with the unconscious of the genius. We and neurotics are not all geniuses, then, for possibly two reasons. First, we may lack the inherent talent to express our conflicts in this sublimated form, and second, although we all have an unconscious to potentially allow us to appreciate art, not all of us suffer the particular quality and quantity of conflict which "drives" the artist to his creating.

In conclusion, psychoanalysis does not alter the talent, but it may blunt the urge to express by relieving the internal struggle.

Eugene A. Horn, M.D., Fellow,
Menninger School of Psychiatry.

Topeka, Kan.

"No, madam, I'm not a psychiatrist, I'm an apple strudel manufacturer."

Psychoanalyzing dead men is a singularly unrewarding pastime. Mr. Krutch owes it to his admirers not to refascinate himself with the errors of his youth. To call Poe's writing "obviously sick" and to cite "Usher" and "Pendulum" as "proof" is surely a waste of time and intellect. Poe was a success in school, in the Army, as an editor, and even, in a way, as a husband—hardly areas in which "sick" men thrive.

Is Winston Churchill mentally ill? Was Einstein? Rembrandt? Saarinen? Mozart? Jefferson, Franklin, Gorky, Confucius, Villa-Lobos?

For every "nut" an amateur analyst can cite, another amateur can produce two "normals." And as for quoting doctors, at least five can be produced who, within the past two years, have produced "analyses" by consulting newspaper clippings.

Please remember: all men are privately insane; if they choose to write to friends about it it may be a superior therapy tc that offered by a shrinker.

(Aside to Mr. Krutch: Poe also wrote "The Balloon Hoax." Did that scare you too?)

Henry Morgan.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Frisch Squall

IN a recent conversation the celebrated Swiss playwright Max Frisch firmly denied that his new play, **"Andorra,"** was about the persecution of Jews, or that he wrote it to teach people not to hold anti-Semitic prejudices. Rather, he said, he intended it as a drama about non-Jewish people which might provoke them into a better understanding of their own problem, even though history and his own experience strongly indicate that such understanding will not lead to any solution.

Mr. Frisch began by setting his strange fable in Switzerland, but then switched it to a fictitious country which he named after the tiny nation in the Pyrenees. In the first act he presented Andri, a twenty-year-old adopted Jewish boy whose father rescued him as a baby from a large and powerful neighboring country that practices genocide. Andri is most anxious to be no different from any other Andorran. But we see his every effort thwarted by the insistence of the Andorran citizens to make him the repository of their own bad qualities. The coward insists that Andri be a coward. The money-mad insist that he be money-mad. And even the clever priest tries to convince him that he should be proud of being cleverer than the others. At first Andri is terrified at this, and says to his sweetheart Barblin, "Some men are damned, and some do the damning; and once they have damned you, they can do unto you as they please. They give you one look, that's enough, and suddenly you become what they say you are. Oh, that is evil, and a terrible power. Everyone has it in him. No one wants it, but where would it go? Up in the air? It is in the air already, but it won't stay long."

Soon Andri finds himself the victim of their "benign" prejudice, and to his surprise begins to enjoy pretending to be what the others say he is. As he puts it, "I've learned to hate. The more vicious they get, the more I enjoy their hatred. Hatred makes you shrewd. Hatred makes you proud."

The sharpest blow he receives comes from the schoolteacher who rescued him, but who now inexplicably refuses to allow him to marry his daughter Barblin. Thus the man who raised him seems to be prejudiced, too. And even Barblin seems to believe him to be a weakling as she is unfaithful to him with a strong, swaggering soldier.

In the second act it is revealed that Andri is really the illegitimate son of the schoolteacher and non-semitic woman from the neighboring fascist state. And it is Mr. Frisch's intention that Andri be elevated to the stature of a tragic hero by his voluntary decision to reject this information as false, and to die a Jew at the hands of the fascist army which has invaded Andorra. He says, "I feel what I am, and that's what I am, this feeling. . . . It's the only thing I have now. I will not let anyone take it away from me. . . . No one else has it. It is mine. It wasn't always so. I used to be many things. Andri, the schoolteacher's stepson; Andri who loved a girl; Andri who wanted to make a chair. But anybody can be those things. . . . I am different and that's good. . . . They say I cannot build a chair, they won't let me build a chair, they are right, I cannot build a chair. They say I'm not a good lover, they won't let me love the girl I'm in love with, they are right, I'm not a good lover. . . . They say I have no joy in me. They kick me with their heavy boots, they are right, I do not enjoy being kicked. . . . I have accepted it."

When Andri's actual mother visits Andorra to try to convince him that he is not Jewish, Andri turns on her in a way that is reminiscent of Brecht's "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk." He tells this fashionably dressed, sophisticated woman the fable he had grown up with. "My mother was short and fat. . . . She stood behind the counter until her legs got swollen, she never left me alone, she bathed me every Friday night. . . . When they came to fetch us, she hid me in the attic, and since the rumor had it that they would not take invalids away, she went into the shed and put her swollen leg on a crate and smashed it with a hammer. They took her anyway, with my father, the tailor, who wore glasses, and whose hair was worn out from working under gaslight . . . their last thought was with me. My mother would never wear white gloves. She would never sit, her legs crossed at a table outside a pub, watching me kicked about."

The remainder of the play involves a complicated series of events that lead to the inevitable execution of Andri by the invading soldiers. And since the Broadway production has severely abridged this portion of the play, it is even less clear. One gathers from an earlier version of George Tabori's translation that Andri persists in believing himself a Jew, makes love to Barblin, and is caught by his father, who whips him for committing incest, thereby proving that he must be the boy's real father. But Andri, now free of wanting parents, or wanting a girl, or even wanting enemies, goes willingly to his execution, asking Andorrans to forgive him for making the truth about themselves momentarily so apparent to them.

The Broadway production is not only confused in these final scenes, but throughout the play makes the mistake of showing us the external results of anti-Semitism, rather than the more interesting inner processes whereby man reasons by using images that suit him, and by projection of his own weaknesses into others.

Indeed, in performance the characters seem so blatantly anti-Semitic that they emerge as unconvincing, dull parodies. Boris Aronson's beautifully sculptured biblical setting unfortunately makes the play seem even more remote. The actors don't help either. Horst Buchholz lacks the range and command to lift Andri from ordinariness to tragic stature. And as the schoolteacher with high intentions but no talent, Hugh Griffith seems to be searching for the bits and pieces of a too fragmentary role. Fine actor that he is, Mr. Griffith does make something memorable out of a short scene in whch the schoolteacher finds himself frustrated in his genuine effort to talk to his son. But most of the time he and his unlucky colleagues appear to be demonstrating anguish and confusion, rather than acting the fascinating process of self-deception with such concern for true justification of their prejudice that intelligent theatregoers might recognize themselves as Andorrans.

ONE of Mr. Frisch's earlier plays is also being presented Off-Broadway at the Maidman Theatre. Titled **"The Firebugs,"** it deals with the entertaining irony that while the bourgeois boss is with one hand ruthlessly exploiting the worker, he is with the other remorsefully and fearfully assisting him in the destruction of the bourgeois world and of himself.

The play's protagonist, Herr Biedermann, lives in luxury and is mortally afraid of arsonists. But when a likely firebug named Shmitz manages to get past his door, Biedermann finds himself unable to call the police because it would negate the sentimental image Shmitz has painted of him. Later Shmitz is joined by two partners, but Biedermann finds himself thinking up unlikely reasons to convince himself they are not what they seem. Perhaps the most amusing moment comes when Biedermann jokingly helps the firebugs string fuse cord from one gasoline

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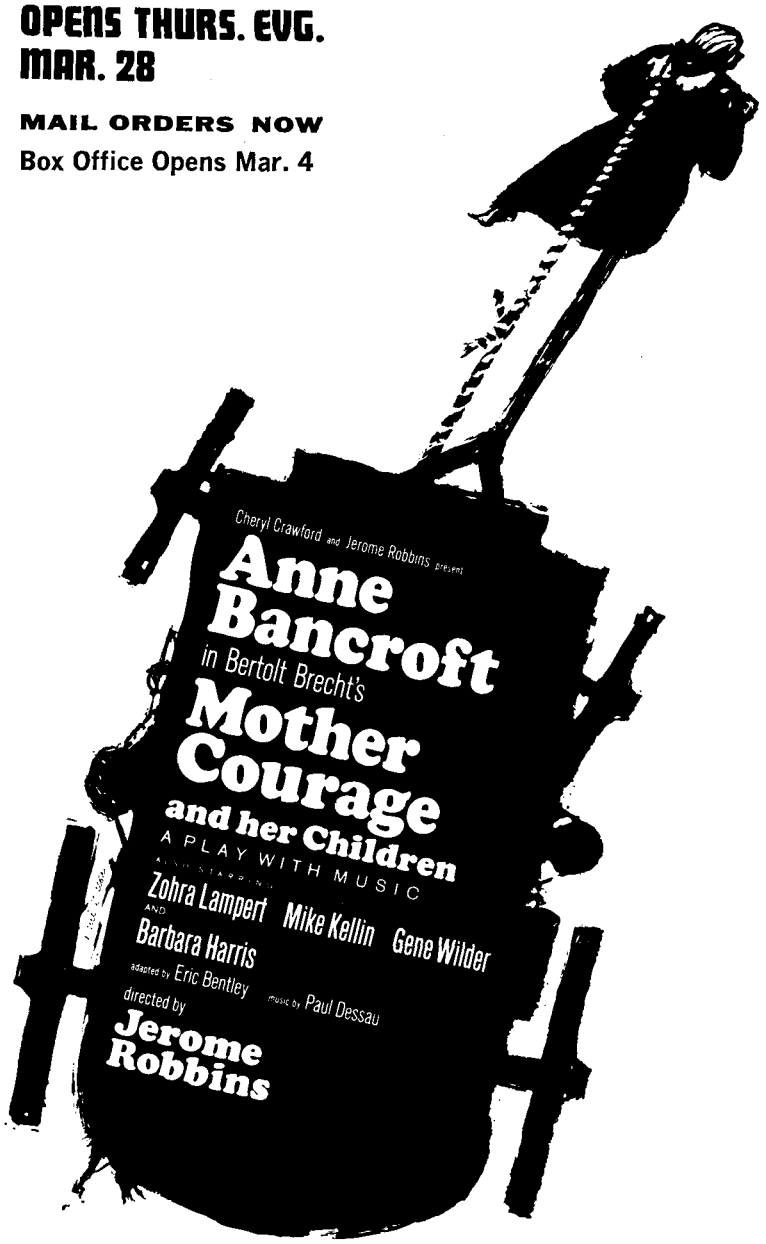

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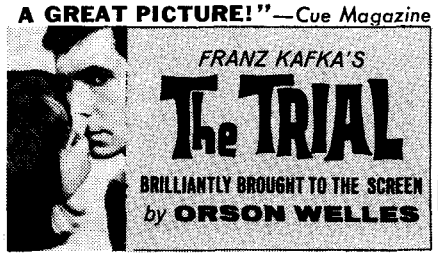

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drum to another and one of them tells him, "A joke is the best camouflage there is. Next comes sentiment. But the best camouflage of all in my opinion is the plain and simple truth, because nobody ever believes it."

Under Gene Frankel's direction the actors give style-conscious performances, so that it all seems like an overextended revue sketch about a highly contrived situation. Shouldn't it be played as terrifying and absorbing satire in which we laugh, and an instant later realize that what we are seeing is only a slight abstraction of an existing dangerous state of affairs?

If Mr. Frisch has had the misfortune of being made to appear less substantial than he is ("Andorra" has announced that it will close), another foreign playwright has had the good luck to pull off a Broadway hit in which one suspects things are never as significant as they seem to suggest they are. For Peter Ustinov's new comedy, **"Photo-Finish,"** is situated closer to the camp of Noel Coward than to the vast territory of Samuel Beckett, whose "Krapp's Last Tape" may have inspired Mr. Ustinov to create the octogenarian Sam Old and to follow him as he confronts his past, not on tape but in person.

To give Mr. Ustinov his due as actor and playwright, he can be marvelously tenacious for seconds on end, and whenever he is grouchily reacting to the nonsense of himself at twenty, forty, and sixty, "Photo-Finish" is theatrically intriguing and quite funny. Furthermore, in one scene between the eighty-year-old author and the ghost of his father, who is now his junior, the playwright even offers us a penetrating insight into parental relationships.

In this scene we see the father, nicely played by Paul Rogers, as he behaves sternly and hypocritically with his earnest young son, who passionately wants to marry a slightly sub-par prospect. Looked at with the eyes of youth, the father seems a monster. But viewed by an old man who has suffered through a lifetime of embattled marriage with this unapproved woman, and who has himself behaved hypocritically, the father becomes a completely sympathetic contemporary.

Dennis King, as Sam Elderly, and Eileen Herlie, as Sam's wife, also give sporadically amusing performances, but it is Mr. Ustinov who keeps rushing to the rescue of his frequently flagging comedy by reinjecting his own vigor and special technique. Certainly he overdoes his head-wagging and mouthed silent dialogues, but his theatrical instincts are so acute that he succeeds in stringing his frail thread with enough polished baubles to keep us pleasantly dazzled. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Truth Seems Sweeter Somehow

THE old adage that the camera never lies is the product of a naïve faith in nineteenth-century science, the same science that produced photography and the motion picture in the first place. Actually, as only a moment's reflection will remind us, the camera is a born prevaricator. With its single, astigmatic eye, it records an image of the world that is charged with false emphases and distortions, artificial juxtapositions and forced relationships. More than that, because its arc of vision is necessarily restricted, it can present out of a total scene only a fraction of its totality; there is also falsification through omission. If we are to seek truth through the camera, we must rely not upon the instrument itself, but upon the intent, integrity, and skill of the man who handles it.

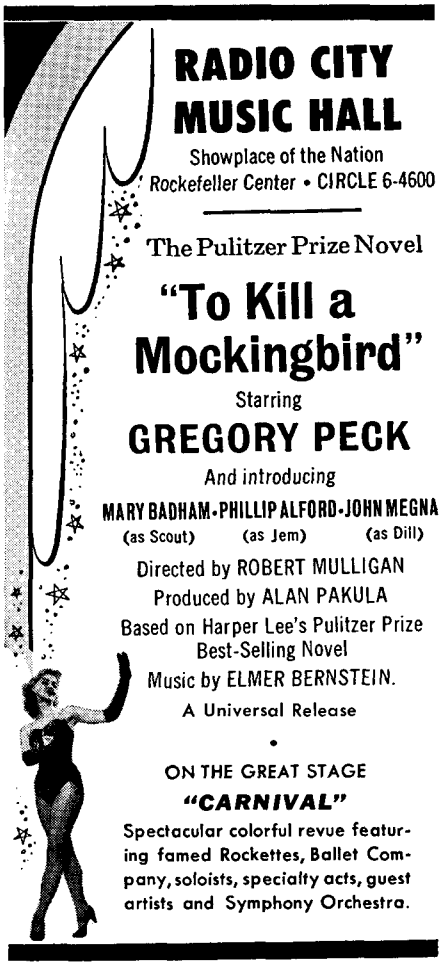
"The duty of a reporter is not to make the truth seem sweeter, but to show things as they really are," reads a production note for **"Mondo Cane,"** a new Italian documentary by Gualtiero Jacopetti that has already created some critical controversy on the Continent. No small part of the controversy lies in the fact that the things he has chosen to show are invariably sensational and sometimes downright sickening. Truth, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder—and the truth that Jacopetti seeks to force home, cloaked in the "objectivity" of the movie camera, is that people the world over are a pretty sorry lot, better than the animals only in their ingenuity in inflicting pain. The stuff of nightmares is a sequence in which Malayan fishermen, angered because sharks have eaten a twelve-year-old boy, capture one after another of the monsters and cram them with poisonous sea urchins. "They will die in agony in ten days," Jacopetti's commentary informs us as the sharks disappear back into the dark waters.

If much of the footage is reminiscent of a saturnine Robert L. Ripley menagerie of monstrosities, the occasional ironies introduced through editing provide the real clue to Jacopetti's intentions and mentality. In Hong Kong, the poor eat insects because they can afford nothing better; in New York, the rich eat insects because their appetites have grown jaded. In Los Angeles, widows and divorcees visit Vic Tanney's to slim down for their next husband; in the South Seas, potential wives are virtually force-fed to plump them up to their chief's liking. To be sure (or at least, let us assume), all of this is true; but the irony remains on the surface. A connection has been implied where none in fact exists. Truth for Jacopetti is apparently no more than a random collection of facts. And like the camera that he uses to report his facts, through false emphases and artificial juxtapositions he has shown us a world as distorted in its own way as is the ever-pretty world of the Technicolored Cinerama travelogues.

"Monkey in Winter" tells, with a modicum of charm, the kind of meaningless, maundering story that is probably sending Frenchmen home to their TV sets these nights. Jean Gabin, a roistering rummy in the good old days of World War II, climbs on the wagon after an Allied bombardment and remains there, a respectable innkeeper, until Jean-Paul Belmondo shows up in search of his daughter. When Belmondo goes on a toot climaxed by playing toreador to cars whizzing down the main highway, Gabin solemnly climbs off the wagon to demonstrate how drinking should really be done. If the whys of this were ever explained in Antoine Blondin's novel, on which the film is based, director Henri Verneuil is clearly concerned solely with the hows. It is rather sad to see an actor of Gabin's stature, now heavy and dough-faced, plodding doggedly through such trite situations; and even sadder to see an actor of Belmondo's potential buried by a role that is totally incoherent. Unlike so many French films, this has no staggering shots of the French countryside to lessen the monotony.

It is a little bit difficult for a critic to write objectively of **"Critic's Choice,"** the new comedy with Bobe Hope and Lucille Ball based on Ira Levin's play. Grim reality keeps raising its unlovely head. What critic could possibly afford the Hope-Ball *ménage*? (A line or two about inherited wealth might have solved that problem, of course.) Then, too, there is the implication that a professional critic would stoop to purchasing his perceptive barbs from his twelve-year-old son—a misconception that I dare say many a producer cherishes. But my basic objection, I suppose, lies in the fact that Bob Hope, who plays a critic who won't even help his wife write a play, emerges as a foolish, churlish, unlovable fellow. And anyone who knows critics at all must realize that this is just never, never true.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.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Science for Citizens

DAVE GARROWAY, right palm extended upright, says "Courage!" when he concludes each program of "Exploring the Universe," his new series for National Educational Television. He was accustomed to saying "Peace!" during his long tenure on NBC. The new greeting is more suited to the eleven half-hour programs in this series, which is designed to give the general viewer a better understanding of modern science. Science, the font of technology, has brought us no peace, and it requires considerable courage to contemplate not only its geometrically progressive complexity but also its imperative force on all our institutions. Some men believe that technology is demonic and we are helpless. Others are unalterably convinced that technology is a good that inevitably will bring us a better life.

To both such camps, understanding science is useless. Between the two lies a third viewpoint perceiving that technology can and must be managed for human ends. To such activist laymen, "Exploring the Universe" (currently being shown over the seventy NET stations throughout the country) can be useful and enjoyable. If man in his political mood is to command technological man, he must at least have some generalist knowledge of what the scientists are talking about and doing. The NET series supplies such popularization with impressive scientific credentials. The project was produced by Mayer-Sklar Productions for NET under a grant from the National Science Foundation. Mr. Garroway has some real-life scientific curiosity off-camera and he plays the role of the intelligent, inquiring layman with ease and pertinence. Two Nobel Prize-winners in physics, I. I. Rabi and Edward Purcell, are among the scientists who pass in duet through each of the programs. Robert Oppenheimer, Harlow Shapley, and Philip Morrison are also among the guests. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, discusses the nature of science with Mr. Garroway on the first program. I saw No. 2 of the series ("Is There One Scientific Method?") and No. 9 ("Is There Life in the Universe?") in an advance screening. Authority and quality marked these two programs. If the others are made of the same stuff, "Exploring the Universe" warrants being sought out on educational television channels.

The high points of the series are to be found in Mr. Garroway's dialogues with the guests. They offer significant insights into the minds of the scientists and the concepts that dominate theoretical science. It ought to be more widely understood that the highest type of scientific thought is characterized by intellectual passion as well as esthetic beauty. "For Kepler astronomic discovery was ecstatic communion," according to Michael Polyani. The astronomer wrote of "the most marvelous contemplation" when he thought he had discovered Platonic bodies in the heavens. "Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury. . . ." A modern version of this attitude was given by Professor Walter Orr Roberts of Sacramento Peak Observatory, New Mexico. Under discussion was the classical, highly rational, objective scientific method. Professor Roberts quoted Dr. P. W. Bridgman, the American physicist: "The scientific method is doing one's darnedest with his brains, no holds barred." Then Roberts spoke of his own scientific hunches.

Accidents, too, play a part, he said. Discouraged one day when his college football team lost a game, he went to his laboratory to work. He met a visiting German scientist, began to chat, and hours later, in a burst of excitement and enthusiasm, they had evolved a new theory of how solar flares are produced. "There was only one trouble with the theory," Professor Roberts added. "It was wrong." Humor and humility are present in this series. In the final program Oppenheimer and Rabi talk about the limitations of science; in another program there is discussion of the scientist's social responsibility.

Viewers who watch the programs will find an accurate, human, and vivid image of the modern scientist. McGraw-Hill has published "Exploring the Universe," a book of readings in the literature of science, which may be studied as a companion to the television series. The American Foundation of Continuing Education, which inspired the programs and the book, also organizes study-discussion groups throughout the country. Any layman with time, curiosity, and guilt feelings about his responsibilities as a citizen in the new age of science may benefit from all or part of this sophisticated package. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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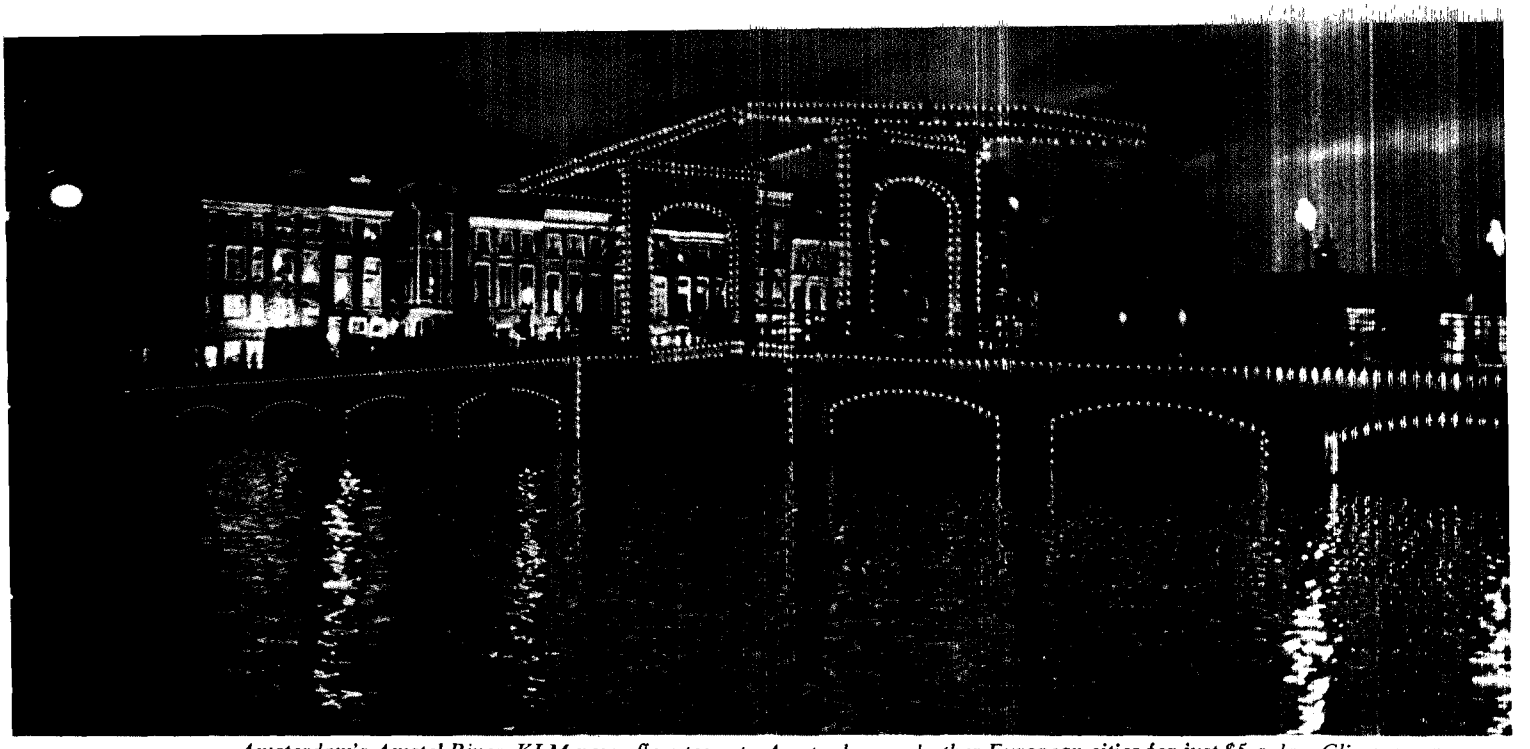

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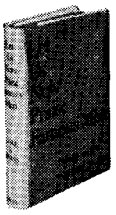

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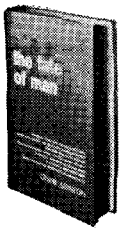

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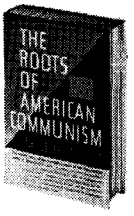

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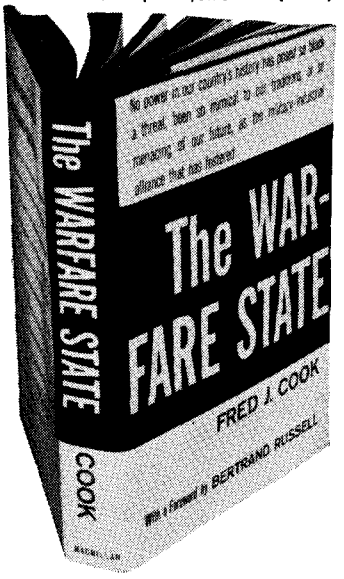

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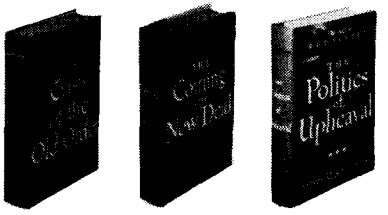

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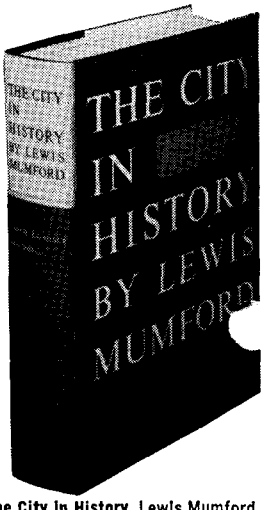

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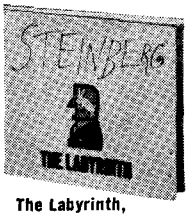

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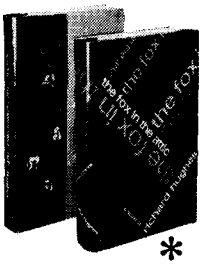

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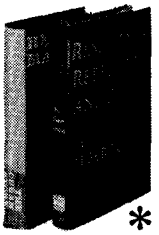

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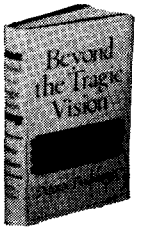

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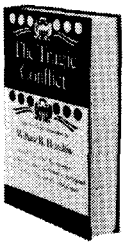

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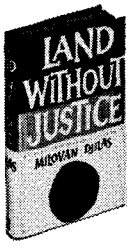

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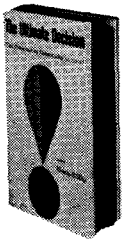

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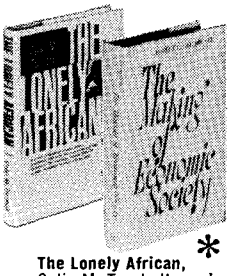

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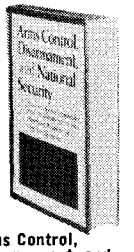

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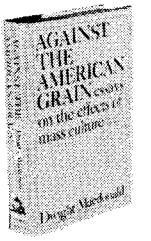

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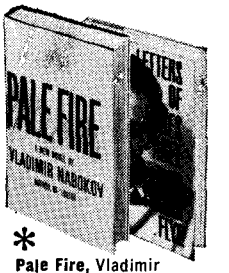

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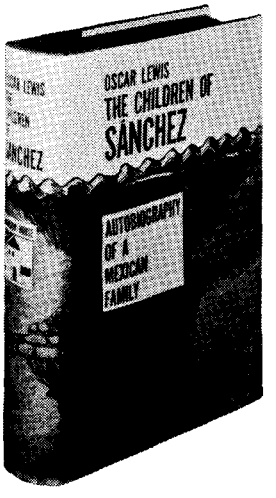

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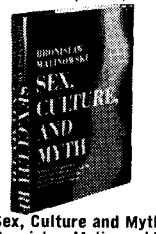

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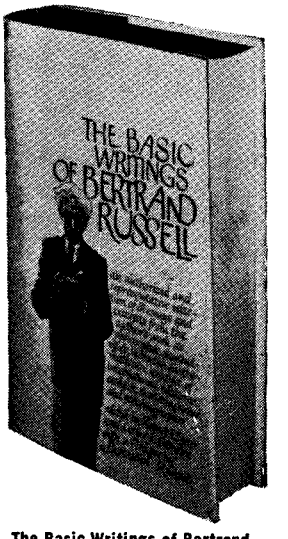

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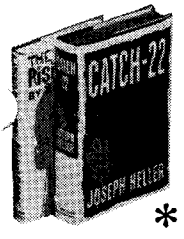

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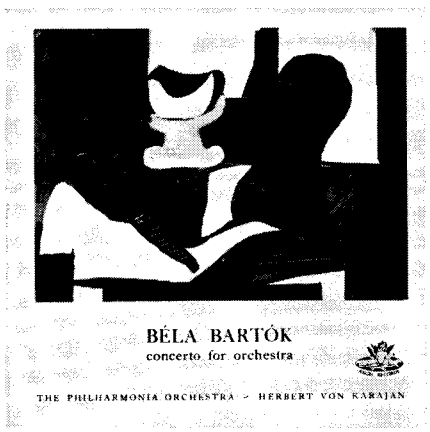

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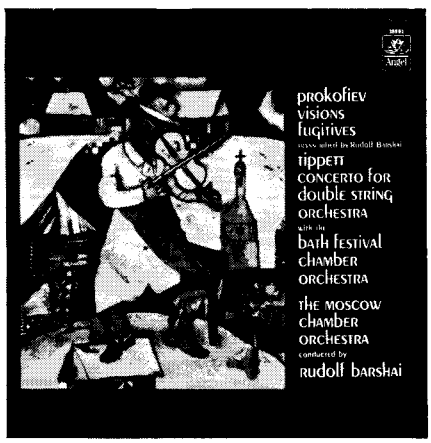

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Debut of Mehta, Novelties by Donizetti, Strauss

GOOD wine, so it is said, needs no bush, and good projects likewise need no justification. But sometimes there is a contradiction implicit in the best of them, such as the appearance of Zubin Mehta, music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, as conductor of a program sponsored by the Carnegie Hall Corporation in cooperation with the Féderation Internationale des Jeunesses Musicales. Costs of this concert and subsequent tours of college campuses by pianist Marek Jablonski of Canada and cellist Reine Flachot of France are being met by a grant from the Kitchens of Sara Lee, of Chicago.

The stated purpose of the project is to promote the appearances of talented people between the ages of fifteen and thirty who might otherwise be overlooked. But, at twenty-six, Mehta falls exactly in the middle of the category for which assistance is being promoted —and he has, in a swift few years, so certified his own talent as the most gifted musician produced in his native India that he can scarcely cope with the opportunities available to him.

It might be said that exceptional talent, such as Mehta's, will always make its way, that it is the other kind that needs assistance. But it is the heartless reality of professional musical life that exceptional talent is only the beginning of a consequential career, as the other kind comes and goes. Pianist Jablonski played the E minor Concerto of Chopin fluently, musically, but with no evidence of the poetic insight or personal projection that makes for distinction; cellist Flachot also earned honors for proficiency in the Variations on a Rococo theme by Tchaikovsky (a work which does not offer opportunity for much more). But the event will inevitably be remembered as the one which introduced Mehta to Carnegie Hall (his attainments earned him an engagement at the Lewisohn Stadium a few summers ago).

On the earlier occasion he faced an expert group of players in surroundings where quality standards are lax; this time he was conducting the American Symphony, a Stokowski-elected blend of youth and age, in surroundings where fine is ordinary and superfine is frequent. The variable results showed that even such exceptional talent cannot contravene the facts of professional musical life.

Mehta's response to the problem was commendable if hardly commanding, qualifying him as a member in good standing of the newest generation of conductors. His part of the program began with the Leonore No. 2 of Beethoven, proceeded with the Opus 6 pieces of Webern, and concluded with the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe." He was best qualified to exact accuracy and provide useful guidance to his players in the Webern, slightly less so in the Ravel, least in the Beethoven. Of his talent there could be no doubt, and he clearly magnetized the attention of his players. But the pressure, the uncertainty, indeed the scramble of the Beethoven, affirmed the truism that a good orchestra can do more for an indifferent conductor than a good conductor can for an indifferent orchestra. What it all comes down to is that there are no short cuts to musical distinction. We applaud the union of intent that affiliates Carnegie Hall with the Jeunesses Musicales, and look forward to their next effort in March.

Assuming there are reliable sources preserved from this period of journalistic blackout, the records will read that there were "performances" of the virtually unknown "Maria di Rohan" of Donizetti and "Intermezzo" of Richard Strauss, not only in the same week but on successive nights. But it would be a rash music lover who would base an opinion of either work, or both, on these concert-opera versions.

There was a closer approach to a professional standard in the venture with Donizetti by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall than with Strauss by the Concert Opera Society on Philharmonic Hall. Primary credit for this belongs to conductor Bruno Bartoletti, who showed, in his New York debut, an enlivening sense of pulse and tempo, a true dramatic flair. Also new and good were the abilities of soprano Ilva Ligabue, a personable young woman with a strong voice of distinctive color.

However, this facile and ingenious score of Donizetti (which, of his sixty-odd, ranks substantially below such predecessors as "Lucia" and "Anna Bolena," in the serious style, or such lighter works as "Don Pasquale" and "La Fille du Régiment") poses some problems which Miss Ligabue was ill advised to challenge. She met the requirements of its high range by pushing rather more than was good for the best sound of her voice; but the ornaments in the writing (trills, embellishments, etc.) were mostly omitted. This is the basis for the suggestion above that what was heard was not all that Donizetti wrote. Tenor John Alexander did surprisingly well with the high-lying writing for Riccardo, who shares Maria's love with her nominal husband Enrico, impersonated by Lino Puglisi, a baritone with a large but undisciplined voice. Betty Allen, who attempted the part of a "Nobleman," originally written for a male singer, hit the low as well as the high notes of the two-octave part, but performed the coloratura elaborations more by stealth than by style.

There was as much that was approximate rather than exact in the effort with "Intermezzo," in which Phyllis Curtin impersonated the supposedly deceived wife of conductor Storch (Strauss), Donald Bell played her husband, and Richard Lewis was cast as a romantic interest in this "Commedia Domestica." These are all what would, in theatrical circles, be described as reputable players, but they were ill served by director Thomas Scherman. The difficulties began with the stage arrangement that bunched the orchestra in the middle, with screened-off areas on either side where the singers enacted the scenes alternately. This made, in the first place, for a kind of aural blur, especially in the understanding of the English translation by Alice Hammerstein Mathis; and, in the second, for poor coordination of the whole. The richly scored orchestral interlude in Act I had its familiarly Straussian quality, but it would be sheer guesswork to assign responsibility for the vagrant interest elsewhere.

IN the year, plus, since they were last heard here, the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra and its conductor-violinist Szymon Goldberg have vastly improved their individual command of a joint task, with the result that their recent Carnegie Hall concert was very much a model of what such an evening's music should be. There was, for one thing, an excellent congruity in the design of the program, which began with the Third and ended with the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach. In between, Goldberg was his own soloist in an artfully balanced, zestfully cultivated performance of the A major Violin Concerto of Mozart and, after a break, the twenty-four (or so) players fragmented the otherwise placid air with three pieces from Berg's "Lyric Suite" and a Capriccio by Marius Flothuis. The Berg might have been a shade too finely drawn, but it was, altogether, an evening by connoisseurs of quality for listeners who consider themselves the same.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Roberts

Continued from page 21

exhibit quaint and colorful locutions—which is, in fact, a symptom of condescension. But in "The Time of Man" it is different. For one thing, the writer's ear is true, as true as, for example, that of Eudora Welty, Caroline Gordon, Andrew Lytle, Erskine Caldwell (at times), William Faulkner, or George W. Harris, the creator of Sut Lovingood. Like all these writers, who differ so much among themselves, Elizabeth Madox Roberts is able to relate, selectively, the special language to her own special vision. For another thing, the language is not a façade over nothingness, like the false front of a nonexistent second story of the general store on the main street of a country town. It is, rather, the language of a person, and a society, which is realized in the novel with a sober actuality.

If "The Time of Man"—or "My Heart and My Flesh" for that matter—is as good as I think it is, how did it happen to disappear so soon, almost without a bubble to mark the spot? We may remember, however, that this is not the first good book, or writer, to go underground. There is, for one thing, what we may call the natural history of literary reputation. When a writer dies we find, immediately after the respectful obsequies, the ritual of "reassessment"—which is another word for "cutting-down-to-size." In the case of Elizabeth Madox Roberts the ordinary situation was aggravated by the fact that her later work had declined in critical and popular esteem. The firm grip on social and individual actualities which undergirded the poetry of sensibility in the first two novels had, in the later work, been progressively relaxed. More and more we find a dependence on allegory and arbitrary symbolism; and with the natural base cut away the poetry moves over into prettification and preciosity.

Furthermore, this situation—which, we may hazard, had some relation to her gradual withdrawal into illness—was in a setting which would, in any case, have made for the rejection of even her earlier work. It was the period when a critic as informed as David Daiches could reject Conrad because, at least as Daiches believed, he "does not concern himself at all with the economic and social background underlying human relationships." Or when Herbert Muller could reject Flaubert as irrelevant to the age. Or when Maxwell Geismar could reject Faulkner as a "dissipated talent" and the victim of a "cultural psychosis," explaining that in him "the heritage of American negation reaches its final emphasis." So we can see why "The Time of Man" fell out of fashion: the novel presents Ellen Chesser, not in active protest against the deprivation and alienation of the life of the sharecropper, but in the process of coming to terms, in a personal sense, with the tragic aspect of life.

The agenda of the 1930s carried many items bearing on the urgent need to change the social and economic environment but none bearing on the need to explore the soul's relation to fate. Any literary work that was concerned with an inward victory was, in certain influential quarters, taken as subtle propaganda against any effort directed toward outward victory. It was as though one had to choose between the "inner" and the "outer."

WHAT was true in the world of literature was even more vindictively true in the world of actuality. There, even when the awareness of the desperate need for changing the economic and social arrangements was coupled with an awareness of the worth of the individual who was a victim of the existing order, the tendency was to accept the graph, the statistic, the report of a commission, the mystique of "collectivism," as the final reality. The result was that, in that then fashionable form of either-or thinking, the inner world of individual experience was as brutally ignored as by an overseer on a Delta cotton farm.

It is now possible that we are growing out of this vicious either-or thinking. We may now see that we do not need to choose, and that if we do choose, in anything more than a provisional, limited sense, we are denying reality and are quite literally verging toward lunacy. And verging, in fact, toward a repetition of the bloodiest crimes of this century.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts says that "Life is from within," and her typical story is, to repeat, the story of an inner victory. In dealing with the dispossessed of the South she has, like Eudora Welty or Faulkner or Katherine Anne Porter or James Agee (to refer to a document of the 1930s, "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"), recognized the dignity of the lowliest creature. But she knew that to recognize fully the dignity of any creature demands that we recognize the anguish of the collision with actuality. So in the story of Ellen Chesser we find no scanting of the grimness of fact, of the pinch of hunger, of the contempt in the eyes met on the road, of the pain of the lash laid on the bare back.

She was aiming, she wrote in her journal, at a fusion of the inner and the outer, at what she called "poetic realism":

> Somewhere there is a connection between the world of the mind and the outer order—it is the secret of the contact that we are after, the point, the moment of union. We faintly sense the one and we know as faintly the other, but there is a point where they come together, and we can never know the whole of reality until we have these two completely.

This is as good a description as any of what "The Time of Man" was trying to make of Ellen Chesser's relation to herself and to the world. The novel is, in a sense, a pastoral, but only a false reading would attribute to it the condescension, the ambiguous humility on the part of writer and reader, and the sentimentally melancholy acceptance of the status quo which often characterize the pastoral. No, it is the inner reality of Ellen and of her people that, in the end, makes social protest significant, makes social justice "just."

Perhaps now, after the distortions of the 1930s and the sicknesses of the 1940 and 1950s, we can recover "The Time of Man." Perhaps we can even find in it some small medicine against the special sickness and dehumanizing distortions of the 1960s. Perhaps we can profit from the fact that Elizabeth Madox Roberts came, to adapt the lines by Yeats on John Synge,

> Towards nightfall upon a race
> Passionate and simple like *her* heart.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1021

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1021 will be found in the next issue.

YQL EMLADQ OBATNBTL PJ

B KPBAWEWMYL UPYQWNY B

KLHBO.

TPHL.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1020

Your ears will always lead you right, but you must know why.

—WEBERN.

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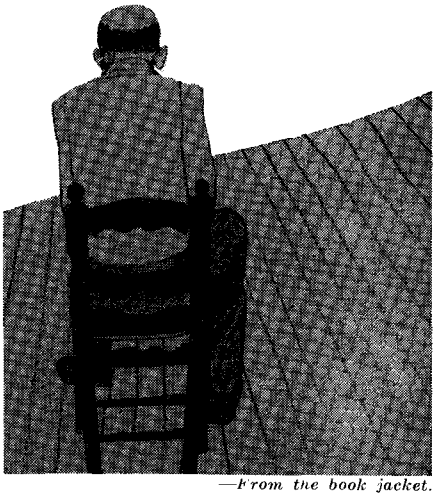
Angel of Defeat

"Coat Upon a Stick," by Norman Fruchter *(Simon & Schuster. 254 pp. $3.95), portrays a bitter, elderly sexton of a synagogue, whose only identity is his fierce orthodoxy.*

By JOHN CIARDI



—From the book jacket.

THE CENTRAL figure of Norman Fruchter's first novel is an old Jew to whom, significantly, the author never assigns a name. All his life the old man has been a seducer, liar, cheat, and thief. Trapped now in his last days and in the dimming of his own mind, he lives with the ghosts of all those he has wronged, and he has wronged everyone his life has touched. In the dark rambles of his mind they return to him and wait for him, present and real, a poverty of the soul as bitter as the physical poverty of his last days in a lower East Side tenement.

The very stairs of every day are an agony to overcome, but he will inch at nothing. He serves as the unpaid *shamos* (sexton) of his run-down synagogue, mounting and descending through the pit of the stairwell in time for every service. It is of his nature that he must refuse all help sullenly, wrathfully, bitterly. He has a son in New Jersey who does his best to make the old man accept money, clothes, medical care, affection. But the son has strayed from strict orthodoxy. The old man has no son. His son is dead, this world is wormwood, and he will drink its dregs.

Only the fierceness of his orthodoxy is real, and even in that he has no joy. Ritual is not so much his faith as his identity. It is his one rock of assurance, and upon it he is the anchorite of venom.

He is so poor he must steal the tea and crackers of his starvation diet. Regularly, too, he steals the Yiddish newspaper from the corner stand, believing himself still the shrewd thief who can spit at the world, not knowing that the news vendor permits the thefts as an act of charity: the old man would certainly stop stealing the papers if he knew they were being given. Yet, in is poverty, his pain, and his mad malice, nothing can keep him from paying out the weekly pittance that will guarantee him an orthodox burial and a proper headstone. And he is capable, too, of a rage of charity. Blue with cold, he gives his coat to a cripple. And when his son forces money upon him, he gives that away. But is it charity? It seems more nearly of his rage at the world and the flesh.

He is an angel of defeat, this old man; a filthy, and a terrifying angel. He defeats himself. He defeats his son's efforts at love. Somehow he defeats the world. Certainly the fierceness of his rituals is a hatred. There is something like the thunder of Jehovah in him, and it shakes the world to madness.

These are dangerous passions for any novelist to dare, but what could so easily be overblown in less talented hands stands powerfully to Fruchter's touch. All his characters are dying. But everything they are dying of is real, and impassioned in its defeat.

Fruchter's Rabbi Davis is one such and certainly his is an unforgettable portrait. As a student, the rabbi-to-be had sworn an oath with a fellow-student: they would live in this world as rabbis and as Socialists. Now at the sad sill of old age the rabbi has lost faith in both religions. He has become the fat man of cheap meals who moves through ritual steps in a bleak synagogue. There are no other steps he knows how to take. Yet, in his bitterness, he emerges as a nobler figure than the classmate who shared that young oath and who sold out not to bitterness but to the comfort of a fashionable and easygoing synagogue in California, and who will end his days as a vague soul unable to face his own defeat. What is noble about Fruchter's best characters—and nobility is the accurate word —is their refusal to evade themselves.

The messianic Zitomer, who is in a way a foil to the rabbi, is another powerful figure. In a vision of the world's sinfulness, he calls upon his fellows not simply to observe ritual but to live truly by the Ten Commandments. He is expelled from the synagogue for his anarchy. And he is wisely expelled: the rabbi's charge against him is full of a dark and defeated wisdom. It speaks from that world in which Pilate, too, had his vision.

It is a tragic world: within it every man is his own defeat. And were that all of it, we should be left with a naturalistic novel distinguished by its insights into the life of the Jew. What raises the writing to its real power is the simple fact of love. The novelist in his creation loves the characters he has called forth from himself. Bit by bit, through every grinding dirtiness and defeat, the reader comes to realize this writing is of love, of pity, and somehow of the dream locked in every man that he will live his life to an identity.

Which is to say Fruchter has taken on nothing less than the ultimate tragic themes. Astonishingly, he has been equal to them. If he can go on from this first novel, there will be few in his generation to stand as his equals.

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The Windmill Gambit

Michel del Castillo—"delight in paradox."

"Through the Hoop," by Michel del Castillo, *translated from the French by Peter Wiles (Knopf. 351 pp. $4.95), satirizes present-day Spain through a story of a student's martyrdom. Emile Capouya writes frequently on politics and literature.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

MICHEL DEL CASTILLO was brought up in the concentration camps of France, Germany, and his native Spain. In his early twenties, after settling in France, he published an autobiographical novel, "Child of Our Time." It was a powerful book, telling us what we all know and never know well enough about this blessed era of ours. Moreover, it suggested that Mr. del Castillo was a writer of talent. Now he is thirty years old and the author of some half-dozen books, and this last one is thoroughly bad.

The English title, "Through the Hoop," is an attempt to catch the spirit of the original *"Le Manège espagnol,"* which can be taken as a pun, meaning both "the Spanish school of horsemanship" and "Spanish trickery." For the author intended a satire on that present-day Spain that is still on horseback, his theory being that there must be plenty of material for satire in the Peninsular Museum of Social Anomalies. But the author has been poorly served by his literary sources. In this book the marriage of French wit and Spanish grotesque has produced an abortion.

Some people smile at the very mention of Ireland, others giggle at all references to Spain. Such audiences are too easily pleased. It is a mistake for a writer to address them, since they cannot goad him into art. I happen to agree with the author's conviction that the Franco regime and the Spanish church are first-class calamities, but a plague is not necessarily funny. I also feel sceptical about the likelihood of the Holy Spirit's descending on a slender-witted student, but that is not in itself a grand joke either. For those things to be funny the author must make them so. He has not done so. With his methods, he could not.

The first section of the book carries an epigraph from Stendhal, and it appears to me that Mr. del Castillo often imitates the great novelist's staccato style, his delineation of character by *pronunciamento*, his delight in paradox. These habits sometimes make a bore of the great novelist; but Stendhal never confuses matters by attempting Spanish slap-stick as well. Nowhere in his works do we find two rival gossips and tale-bearers pulling each other's hair because of professional jealousy, nor a long succession of characters with significant names. Mr. del Castillo has two priests named, approximately, Father Smiles and Father Choleric; two officers called General Charge and General Chameleon; a police chief named Swinish; a lawyer named Prattle; two noblewomen, the Countess of Rosefolly and the Marchioness of High Life; two literary men, Inept and Tease, etc. In one scene, Prattle tells a credulous lady that he has documents proving her to be the natural daughter of the Duke of Cucumber and the Countess of Fading Love. The word for all that is childish.

Add to the above a British translation that reads like a British translation. I must quote one sentence, which the author intended to be funny but not funny in quite this way: "Mauricio, will you tell the journalists that I have come over giddy and will not be able to join them?"

I have not stated yet that the story is mostly about the martyrdom of the young student mentioned earlier, who goes forth to preach Christ crucified, and is starved, stoned, and finally shot. Even the author concedes that this last is not funny at all. But the admission comes too late; the novel was a botch long since.

SHERRY AND A SOLOMON'S CHOICE: Louise Field Cooper's new novel, **"The Windfall Child"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), is excellent fireside reading for winter. Let the gales outside recede while we travel to the old "Moor and Bells" in glorious Devon, and meet as fine a company of gentle English gossips as ever returned, summer after summer, to their favorite country inn. And this August, unlike the others, there is something to gossip about besides the misdeeds of the waitresses: six strangers.

Charles Trewitt, suave and world-traveled, and his elegant and brittle wife, Valerie, are British. Scott and Ann Robinson and their twelve-year-old son, Tim, are Americans from Connecticut. But the sixth isn't quite sure what he is, for his parents are the Trewitts, yet he was raised from the age of four to his present twelve by the Robinsons. Young John's future is now, during these three vacation weeks in Devon, to be settled.

He was, it seems, left as an infant with Valerie's sister in America, while his parents traveled and worked in the Far East. But the sister defaulted, and the kindly Robinsons took him in and raised him as their "windfall child" and Tim's brother. Now the Trewitts are back in England, ready to reclaim their son. And here are the three Robinsons, badly wanting to keep him.

Everyone is most civilized. Privately, of course, the English couple consider the Americans unworldly and somewhat middle class in their preoccupation with children and home life. And the Americans, for their part, think the Trewitts frivolous and shockingly ignorant of the basic needs of children. But little of this appears on the smooth surface, and over glasses of sherry and picnic lunches on the moors the arguments move politely back and forth—until at last young John brings them to a somewhat shattering conclusion.

If the reader can accept some basic improbabilities (not the least of which is the suggestion that twelve-year-old boys regularly drink sherry in Connecticut homes), he will enjoy Mrs. Cooper's mischievous wit and her observant eye and ear. —MARGARET PARTON.

COMING MARCH 16:

SPRING AND THE TRAVELER

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Before Motor Car and Income Tax

"Nostalgia, U.S.A.," by R. L. Duffus *(Norton. 130 pp. $3.50), compares the life and well-being of Americans in 1900 and today. Fanny Butcher was for many years literary editor of the Chicago Tribune.*

By FANNY BUTCHER

ACCUSED by critics of having been nostalgic in "Williamstown Branch" and "The Waterbury Record" (which glowed with memories of his Vermont childhood), R. L. Duffus decided to find out for himself and for his readers how he feels about the charms of the turn-of-the-century as compared to today's life and ways. Mr. Duffus was twelve years old in 1900 and, since he has total recall, he can personally add up the pluses and minuses of the last sixty-three years.

"Nostalgia" is no study in depth of what has happened to life and thought in the United States in the last half century and more; it is a series of little essays about what one man believes has been right and wrong about those years of "progress." The book's title gives more than a hint of Mr. Duffus's conclusions, though he is by no means certain that everything in "the good old days" was good. It was good, he thinks, to live in a quieter world, which was made up of sounds, but not needless racket; before motor traffic completely altered the nature of our society (and every year kills four-fifths as many humans as died in battle in the First World War); when there was not so much togetherness; when "we could and cheerfully did thumb our noses at Washington without landing in a federal penitentiary"; and when there was no income tax. "What happened to time?" he asks. "Did someone uninvent the sense of leisure?" He misses a day when patients presented doctors with human problems and were not regarded as engineering problems. And, he asserts, in 1900 "we honestly believed in progress. Today it is survival." He feels that in 1900 "we were better off, more free, better rounded as citizens, more like the characters our forefathers had in mind."

But 1900, Mr. Duffus admits, didn't have everything. If he were a woman he would much prefer to live in 1963 than in 1900, when being a housewife was as wearing as working twelve hours in a mill, and women had no legal control over themselves or their property. What doctors have lost in human contacts medicine has made up for in life-saving drugs and new discoveries. And he thinks his generation would have lived longer on the average if they had had a better balanced diet and dressed more sensibly. Outdoor exercise, except for purposes of labor, was generally unheard of in 1900: the rocking chair was its symbol.

"I am not," he writes, "nostalgic for the chamber pot or the dear old outhouse. I put the inventors of modern plumbing far ahead of the inventors of the electric light and the zipper." But, he says, "If the Wright brothers had stayed in the bicycle business I would have been just as well off." As a plus, Mr. Duffus notes that "the curse of intolerably heavy labor is passing" through technology; however, "we are slaves of the new technology, pampered, button-pushing slaves." And, while employees of the great industries were certainly not as free in 1900 as they are today, Mr. Duffus wonders if in escaping employer tyranny they have not lost too much freedom to union politicians.

At first "Nostalgia" seems just a pleasant little book, but somehow it sets off explosions in a reader's mind, makes him think about many things that he has taken for granted, makes him wonder whether he could say with the author, "I wish it were 1900 again but I do not know that I and the rest of the human race could do better than we have actually done if we were allowed to start over again."

Rhapsody in Green

"Area Code 215: A Private Line in Bucks County," by Walter Teller *(Atheneum. 242 pp. $5.75), looks at rural life in Pennsylvania in a manner reminiscent of Thoreau. Bradford Smith, whose books range from fiction to social history, lives on a farm in Vermont.*

By BRADFORD SMITH

ALTHOUGH you would never guess it from the title, Walter Teller's book belongs to the school of Thoreau, even to the particularity with which he looks at his small piece of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, its birds, flowers, waterways, and, to a lesser degree, folkways.

Mr. Teller, like Thoreau, prefers nature when it is unencumbered by man. His book, like "Walden," keeps people somewhat at arm's length. He admits a few cronies into his solitary circle, but not many—not even his wife, who never seems to join him on any of the walks and rides that furnish him with his material. In a world where bluebirds die and starlings thrive, he is wary of man.

He loves to describe his neighborhood as if every inch of it were important. "The Cuttalossa rises in western Solesbury Township, flows about three miles toward the east, then empties into the Delaware at a point once called. . . ." For Cuttalossa read Concord or Merrimack. There is charm in this sort of thing, but a charm that tends to fade with repetition, like autumn leaves that cling too long to the tree.

Walter Teller—"a muted humor."

A book built upon quiet reflection

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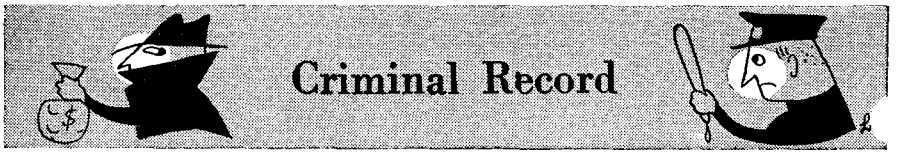
induced by country living is likely to lose momentum. Like others before him, Mr. Teller meets the problems by the simple device of devoting a chapter to each month. Nature thus provides the momentum, the author the commentary. And very good commentary it is. Pitched low, its distinction comes from plainness, an original point of view, and a muted humor. It is shaped to the thought like glove to hand, or britches to seat. Concerned with such ordinary experiences as going for the mail, dumping the garbage, or bird-watching, it raises these things to the threshold of universality. Along the way we learn about the first Quaker settlers, Indians, canal boats, Edward Hicks (the painter of "Peaceable Kingdoms"), "Snowflake" Bentley (a Vermonter), the inevitable local artists and galleries, and Jewish religious services in the Friends Meeting House.

But does he never beat the boundaries of his own land? Never chop down a tree, repair a faucet, mow a lawn (this seems to be a son's privilege), plant a garden? Alas, I must report that Mr. Teller buys his vegetables. Not for him Thoreau's thrill of "making the earth say beans instead of grass." Nor does he seem to live in a community, or to get caught up in sharing its work. (Most of those who live in the country find a good deal of their time taken up with community work.) Mr. Teller seems more the observer, even the outsider, which in the end gives his book a quality of detachment from the human environment. Apparently he likes it that way.

An irresistible sample of Mr. Teller's asides is this little item: "On the radio this February day, I heard that a man in Teaneck, New Jersey, stepped out of his door and into snow up to his chin. My question is, how tall was he? I picture him shoulder high to the doorknob. And elsewhere I see a man in Snowchin, China, stepping outdoors and into tea up to his neck."

Last but not least, this is a handsome book—tall, colorful, well bound.



SHERLOCK HOLMES, ESQ. AND JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.: An Encyclopaedia of Their Affairs. *By Orlando Park. Northwestern University Press.* $10. Author and compiler of this essential (to Baker Streeters) manual is chairman of the Department of Biological Sciences at Northwestern University. A true labor of love.

PRACTITIONERS OF MURDER. *By Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson. Collier.* 95¢ *(paper)*. Also by the same authors, same price each: **ADVOCATES OF MURDER, CURRICULUM OF MURDER, HARVESTERS OF MURDER.** These assemblies of "true crimes for connoisseurs" tell the tales, respectively, of doctors, lawyers, teachers (or students), and farmers who turned killer (ten narratives in each book). An ingenious conception, admirably carried through.

BLOODY INSTRUCTIONS. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Solicitor's death-by-knife in own sanctum confounds London legal lights, not to mention Yarders. Beautifully done, and witty withal (but a score card would help).

TOO MANY DOCTORS. *By Holly Roth. Random House.* $3.50. M.D.s, living and otherwise, pop up on shipboard and in London as German steamer plows Genoa-ward; Yard sends a good man. Excellent mixed grill, cleverly handled.

THE BODY AT MADMAN'S BEND. *By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club.* $3.50. Brutal stepfather's disappearance puts Australian miss in jam; Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte sorts things out as raging river threatens leopardwood trees and waitabit bushes. High marks for this one.

CALL FOR THE DEAD. *By John Le Carré. Walker.* $3.50. George Smiley, British intelligence agent, investigates apparent suicide of suspected traitor; violence flares. Rational and heads-up treatment of espionage theme.

LIKE LOVE. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Steve Carella and his 87th Precinct associates look into suspected suicide-pact case and wonder if things are as they seem. One of McBain's best.

SNOW JOB. *By Malcolm Gair. Crime Club.* $3.50. Mark Raeburn, London gentleman-eye, flies to Austrian skiing paradise to solve murder of *grande dame*; Italy also visited. Nice people, victim included, make this one attractive.

MEXICAN SLAY RIDE. *By Sidney Weintraub. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Yank newshawk dodges bullet in Mexico City night spot but lady friend doesn't; hunt for her killer is lethal. Colorful and noisy.

DEATH OF A BUSYBODY. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow.* $3.50. Lt. Luis Mendoza, non-Anglo-Saxon L.A. cop, stars again when female snooper bites dust, second death ties in. The sure touch is still here.

DEATH OF A SNOUT. *By Douglas Warner. Walker.* $3.50. U.S.-style gang war jolts London as Yarders hunt informer's slayers; bold frame-up attempted; treatment semidocumentary. Stay with this one—it comes alive.

THE EDINBURGH CAPER. *By St. Clair McKelway. Holt, Rinehart & Winstor* $4. This "one-man international plot" involves author (who keeps own identity throughout) in cloakish-daggerish situations (or aren't they?) all over Scotland. Delicious spoofery.

THE DECORATED CORPSE. *By Roy Stratton. Mill-Morrow.* $3.50. Massachusetts state cops, hunting for snatched eight-year-old girl in Cape Cod bogs, make grisly offbeat find. Wordy and populous.

THE BIRTHDAY. *By E. L. Withers. Crime Club.* $3.50. Heir on edge of 21 is target for too many "accidents" (location is seven-hour train ride from New York). Not bloody likely.

THE DAY SHE DIED. *By Helen Reilly. Random House.* $3.50. Christopher McKee, New York's getting-aroundest homicide biggie, finds dying Mexican in Southwest hacienda; authentic corpse shows up later. Author's 34th is her last.

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED. *By W. H. Canaway. Harper & Row.* $3.50. English schoolmaster in Arabian pen insula toils to save the oryx (nearl extinct antelope), but offended natives cut up and give him bad time. Strikingly different, with splendid scenic effects.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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SOUTH AFRICA

Architect of an Uneasy Union

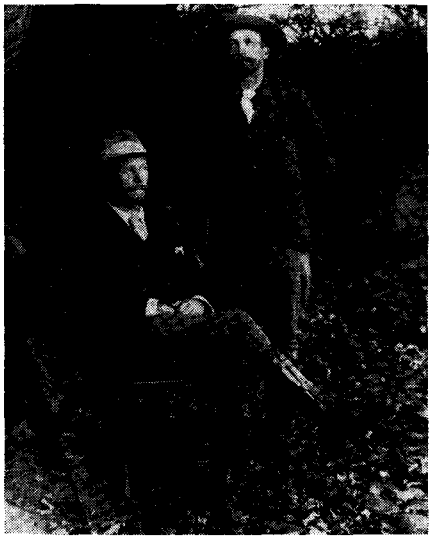
"Smuts: The Sanguine Years, 1870-1919," Vol. I, by W. K. Hancock *(Cambridge University Press. 619 pp. $10), recreates a vivid epoch in South African history through the emotions and actions of perhaps its most influential figure. Gwendolen M. Carter is the author of "The Politics of Inequality: South Africa Since 1948."*

By GWENDOLEN M. CARTER

ONLY a great historian like W. K. Hancock could have succeeded in interpreting a person as complex and sophisticated and as constantly involved in situations of universal significance as South Africa's former Prime Minister Jan Christiaan Smuts. What is scarcely less remarkable is the simplicity of his writing and the sense of immediacy it conveys.

During the period covered in this volume Smuts developed the full extent of his great intellectual powers and directed them progressively to law, administration, military strategy, and politics. In Professor Hancock's view, and it is a well-substantiated one, Smuts was the architect of South African Union, as well as the decisive person in preparing its way. Neatly avoiding duplication of the material so carefully marshaled and presented by Leonard Thompson in "The Unification of South Africa," Hancock concentrates on Smuts's decisive role in developing the unitary and flexible characteristics of the South African constitution and on his expectation (sadly proved wrong since 1948) that the South African party system would, as in Canada, cut across cultural and linguistic barriers and thus knit together Boer and Briton.

For Smuts, as for so many others inside and outside South Africa, the most important issue seemed to be the relation between its two white groups. On what ultimately proved the decisive question—the relations between white and nonwhite, particularly as regards the franchise—he adhered to a doctrine of *laissez-faire* that was more comfortable than perceptive. Thus he failed to accept the challenge of John X. Merriman at the time of the formation of union to recognize that a benevolent paternal policy towards the nonwhites could never take the place of a guaranteed political status. One cannot help wondering what might have been South Africa's role in Africa today had this knottiest of problems been resolved at that time in Merriman's terms.



Smuts (seated), in his early thirties, with Tottie Krige, his brother-in-law and military secretary.

There is much besides these issues that affords rich fare in this book. Those absorbed by military strategy will find great interest in Smuts's view of how the Boers might have been successful in the early days of the Anglo-Boer War, in the description of his personally directed campaign in its later period when he temporarily revived the Transvaal's hope of avoiding defeat, and in the description of a brilliant campaign in South West Africa followed by one in East Africa during World War I. Diplomatic historians may concentrate on Smuts's activities in and for the Imperial War Cabinet and later at the Paris Peace Conference.

Beyond or behind these public responsibilities, however, lies the story of Smuts's relations with those closest to him. No one can fail to be moved by the deeply personal accounts of his great friendships with surprisingly diverse persons, from President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic to Mahatma Gandhi, whose first campaigns of *satyagraha*, or passive disobedience, were carried out in South Africa, and whose relation with Smuts so vividly illustrates the ability of both men to appreciate human values.

Professor of history at the Australian National University since 1957, W. K. Hancock has been Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and director of the Institute of Commonwealth Studies at London University. He is the author of the most perceptive and stimulating books that have been written about the British Commonwealth of Nations and its member countries, as well as of widely known economic and diplomatic studies. However, nothing Professor Hancock has written surpasses this volume.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A FLIGHT OF VOWELS

Here are a dozen groups of five three- or four-letter words in which all you are required to do is to change the single vowel in alphabetical order (as *bat, bet, bit, bot, but*). Earnest Elmo Calkins of New York City, who has selected the words, points out that his definitions are not so much definitions as intimations. Answers on page 44.

1. Nab — seek alms — huge — wet and muddy ground — beetle.
2. Stow — choosy eating — pluck — mark of disease — merry cherub.
3. Slowpoke — for fear that — catalogue — mislaid — desire.
4. Sticking plaster — kowtow — tighten — make it tighter — association.
5. Caress — kitten — fruit seed — it called the kettle black — deposit.
6. Thrown, hit, or kicked — marks sea time — please remit — pod — bear's antagonist.
7. Auditorium — Gehenna — up or down — narrow dry ditch — the bean's coat.
8. Religious ritual — appetizing dish — unmarried — fur coat on a boulder — a mix-up.
9. Baby food — energy — spit it out — light explosive sound — another pet.
10. Gloom — Mell's associate — bolus — vote — influence.

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Unlightened Burden

—*From the book.*

A pretty Zulu witchdoctor brings her baby to white doctor.

"White Man's God," by Rhona Churchill *(Morrow. 205 pp. $4.50), asks and then answers the question "Why does the African develop so slowly under ostensibly civilized rule?" Arun Gandhi, a grandson of the Mahatma, lived for a number of years in South Africa.*

By ARUN GANDHI

THE WHITES have ruled over the blacks in South Africa for more than 300 years; yet the African is still backward, poor, and steeped in superstitious paganism. Why? Trying to find an explanation for this vexing problem, Rhona Churchill concludes that the whites are to blame. Three million of them usurped 87 per cent of the agricultural land and left 13 per cent for ten million Africans. The whites basked in the wealth that cheap labor brought them and, to insure a continuous supply, did all that they could to keep the African uneducated. The few missionaries who performed yeoman service in the uplift of the African were crushed and literally deported. The best example is Father Trevor Huddlestone.

The Whites, Miss Churchill writes, are "dominated by fear and greed, and every intelligent white man knows in his heart that the Nationalist Government's notion of building two separate self-governing states within the Republic—a big and rich one for the three million whites and a considerably lesser and poorer one for the ten million blacks—is at best a pipe dream and at worst a hoax."

In her immensely interesting and enlightening book Miss Churchill vividly describes the savagery among the black *tsotsis* (hooligans)—how gang fights take place, how heads are drilled with screw drivers, and limbs are chopped off with axes. These are the acts of a people who are frustrated, poverty-stricken, and, above all, illiterate.

But what excuse is there for the savagery indulged in by the rich, so-called civilized Afrikaner farmers of the Transvaal? We read in "White Man's God" that Africans are kidnapped on false, unlawful pretext by the police, threatened into "volunteering" their labor on some farm and, when taken there, treated worse than animals.

Water is given the prisoners only twice a day—in the morning and evening. If they pause to rest in the scorching heat, they are beaten with sticks; and if they faint, the boss-man just urinates on the African's face to revive him. Food in the evening is thrown onto an old jute sack, from which the prisoners scoop it up to eat. During the day their lunch—consisting mainly of porridge with a few potatoes—is poured, often hot from the pot, into their cupped palms. Work from sunup to sundown, with ten minutes' break for lunch, is their daily routine. They are not allowed to bathe during the six months that they are kept captive; and their lavatory consists of two halves of a forty-four-gallon drum placed in one corner of the room in which they sleep.

Such is the savagery of the civilized whites. Do you wonder why the African develops so slowly?

South Africa had the chance to set an example in multiracial unity. The Africans—despite such cruelties—"are quite moderate in their demands and are eager to set a good example to the rest of Africa," but the whites have shunned this opportunity. It is true that the blacks are not advanced enough for self-government, but unless the whites recognize them as equals and, above all, as human beings, can anyone rightfully hold it against them if they eventually decide to drive the white man out?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bag-beg-big-bog-bug. 2. Pack-peck-pick-pock-punk. 3. Last-lest-list-lost-lust. 4. Band-bend-bind-bond-bund. 5. Pat-pet-pit-pot-put. 6. Ball-bell-bill-boll-bull. 7. Hall-hell-hill-holl-hull. 8. Mass-mess-miss-moss-muss. 9. Pap-pep-pip-pop-pup. 10. Pall-pell-pill-poll-pull.

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(*Continued from page* 14)

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(*Continued on page 46*)

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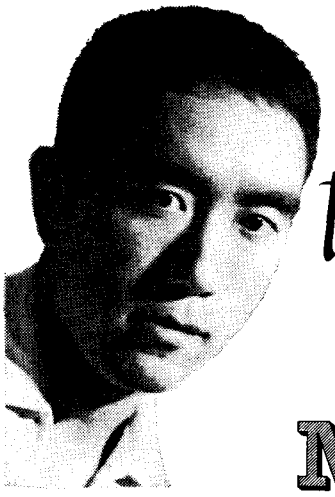

After the Banquet

by

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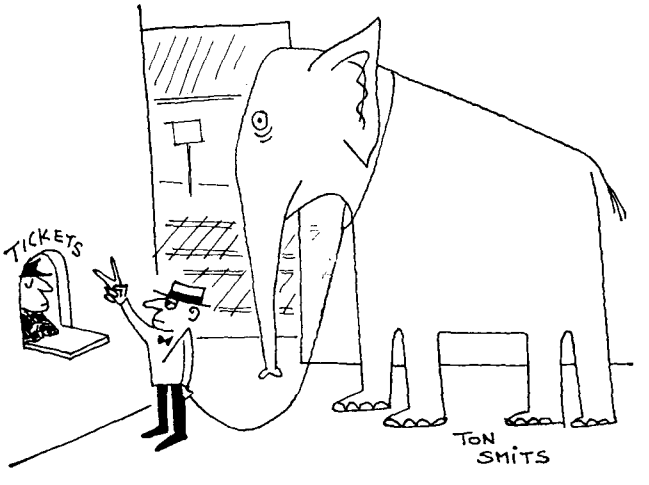

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Uses of Thinking

(*Continued from page* 19)

to intensify life, there is no place that does so as directly as in the appreciation of art. Art is in a way everybody's profession. The philosophy of art is called esthetics. It takes some knowledge of esthetics to appreciate the grandeur and depth that there is to great works of art. But esthetics has another and more personal contribution to make for the individual. A study of the philosophy of art leads to an intensification of the senses. Those who have learned something of the theory of art can feel more deeply than others; they have found out how to probe the immense complexities of their experience, and as a consequence they lead a richer life.

But the use of philosophy by the individual is very far from showing the whole of philosophy's practical program. There are the social uses to be considered as well.

One great use of philosophy is to establish social organizations on some kind of permanent basis. The amount of philosophy involved depends partly on the size of the social organization.

For an institution, a charter is required in order to secure the necessary stability. In a charter the philosophy may be implicit or explicit—implicit as in the articles of incorporation of an industrial company with the common law philosophy, or explicit as in the Roman Catholic Church with the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas.

A social philosophy consists in a set of principles or laws which demand adherence to the belief in their truth. By this method they offer a stable basis which can keep the individual members together and so preserve the society. Men who hold a set of beliefs in common will endeavor to work together better than they would without it, and the more fundamental the beliefs the better the work.

A CLEAR example comes to mind from the last world war when France was defeated and occupied by the Germans. There existed a strong underground movement of men working for the liberation of their country from its oppressors. To make secure such a difficult effort, a philosophy was needed—not just any system of ideas but one that fitted the peculiar situation. Fortunately, such a philosophy existed. In Sartre's version of existentialism reality was wholly individual and hung on the feeling of nausea which told the individual that he was an individual, and on the moment of decision which told him the ultimate responsibility for himself was his own. Now the members of the underground could not of course find many opportunities to congregate. They had lost their social self-respect through the defeat of their country in war, and each had to maintain it for himself. Existentialism was perfectly suited to the situation.

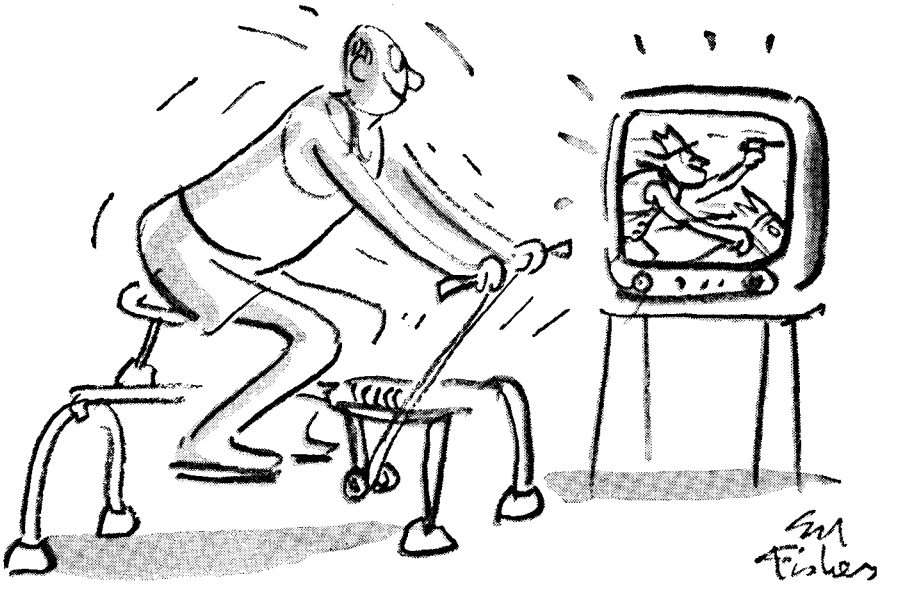
For a society something more is required, for the social organization is larger and a great many more people are involved. One thinks immediately of the American society, and of the philosophy which helped to establish it formally, a philosophy contained in the American Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. This is easily identified as the philosophy of John Locke and Montesquieu. The philosophy of the Soviet Union, as everyone knows, was deliberately chosen and formally adopted.

FOR man's largest organization, a culture or civilization, the philosophy is so pervasive that it is difficult to define in any particular case. But certainly in Western civilization, the institutions which it contains have so much in common that it is easy to suppose that they have underlying assumptions. The dynamism of Western civilization is well known, and so is the belief in the method of science. The perfectability of this world relies upon both, and contains its own system of ideas.

In the struggle between societies for survival or supremacy, philosophy, then, can be a weapon. We are engaged in an immense struggle with the forces of Communism in Soviet Russia and Soviet China. They use philosophy as an instrument of propaganda. We use aid in various forms to undeveloped countries. We send them industrial products and farm products. Why don't we send them the philosophy of democracy as well? Not just the forms but the substance. It is not reasonable to expec other people to follow our democratic procedures without telling them why such procedures should be followed. Many countries have tried to copy the democracy which has worked so well in England, France, and the United States, but they fail because they adopted the practices without absorbing the philosophy. They *follow* democracy but they make no attempt to *understand* it. For this it is necessary to comprehend the democratic philosophy.

In addition to the philosophical imports there are of course peculiarly American developments, such as the multiple-party system. Why does it work so well, why is it flexible yet steady, providing for changes within a system which does not itself materially change?

The philosophers who occupy themselves with politics could help out here. They are needed to provide the revisions accompanying the minor changes in policy and principle which are bound to occur in any dynamic society. And they are needed to argue in defense of the system against those who suppose it to be wrong. We are quickly learning that the mild little fellow, the academician who teaches, thinks, experiments, or writes the pure theory of his field, may pack a punch when his theories come to be applied. We have learned this about the physicist, the chemist, even the biologist. But we have not learned it yet about the philosopher. In the struggle with international Communism, the philosophers of democracy could be potent weapons. Why don't we use them more?



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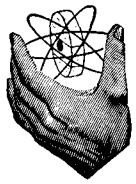

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXXIII • The Research Frontier
ARTICLE: Science is Amoral; Need Scientists Be Amoral, Too?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MORALITY IN SCIENCE: REPORT ON A CRISIS

IN the year 1610, just a few months after publication of his pioneer report on what could be seen in the sky through a telescope, the great Italian astronomer, Galileo Galilei, left the Republic of Venice, where he had established his authority, doubled his salary, and won a professorship for life at the University of Padua. He explained one of the reasons for his departure in a talk with me about this whole matter

"It is impossible to obtain wages om a republic, however splendid and generous it may be, without having duties attached. For to have anything from the public one must satisfy the public and not any one individual; and so long as I am capable of lecturing and serving, no one in the republic can exempt me from duty while I receive pay. In brief, I can hope to enjoy those benefits only from an absolute ruler."

Galileo's closest adviser on practical matters, Giovan Francesco Sagredo, was away from Venice on a mission of state when the decision was made. Learning upon his return that Galileo had gone to accept appointment as chief mathematician to the Duke of Tuscany, Sagredo wrote in sadness to his old associate:

"Where will you find freedom and self-determination as you did in Venice?"

"Princes take pleasure for a while in this or that curiosity," he reminded Galileo. "But then, called by interests in greater matters, they turn their minds elsewhere. I can well believe that your Grand Duke may be pleased to go about with one of your telescopes, looking at the city of Florence and ome nearby place; but if through some important requirement of his he must look at what goes on in all Italy, in France, in Spain, in Germany, and in the Near East, he will put aside your telescope. . . ."

Sagredo asked Galileo: "In the tempestuous seas of courts, who can promise himself that he will not, in the furious winds of envy, be—I shall not say sunk, but at least tossed about and disquieted?"

History confirms the pertinence of Sagredo's doubt. In Tuscany, Galileo was sunk. Caught by the Inquisition beyond the protective independence of Venice, he ended his life imprisoned in his own house for teaching that the earth moved around the sun.

Tragically mistaken though his judgment was in choosing to leave Venice, Galileo made the choice with moral fortitude. Unwilling to account to the people of Venice, he refused to accept the people's honor and the people's money.

THE fundamental contradiction between the tradition of unfettered scientific research and scrupulous stewardship of public funds used to pay for such research still troubles society today. Are the scientists of modern America facing the issue as forthrightly as Galileo faced it?

On the editorial page of the 8 February 1963 issue of *Science*, official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Dael Wolfle, executive officer of AAAS, pleaded for "new encouragement to the general policy on which most Federal fund-granting agencies have worked—that of trusting a grantee [subsidized scientist] instead of constantly policing him."

To put the question in those terms is to talk beside the point. For the spending of American scientists never has been constantly policed. Until quite recently, it has been policed seldom if at all. Up to the year 1960, drawing accounts at the National Science Foundation, source of the richest income for research outside the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission in the last dozen years, were not even examined.

WHAT may have happened in that uninhibited period (during which the NSF budget rose from $225,000 to $152,773,000) is not yet known, except for the following aberrations in the financial accounts of one scientific society: the American Institute of Biological Sciences:

1. Public funds intended to pay for public research were put into a common pot with the privately assessed dues of AIBS members, and the pot was regularly drawn from to meet a rapidly expanding payroll at AIBS and to pay whatever other bills of AIBS might come due.

2. A fixed percentage of the public funds in the pot was skimmed off to help balance AIBS's private budget, regardless of whether that percentage had actually been earned by AIBS in administering the public funds.

3. Public funds in the pot were invested in short-term interest-bearing notes so that the interest could be collected for AIBS's private use.

4. Public funds in the pot were diverted from their proper use for public research projects to finance a project designed to enrich the private coffers of AIBS.

Exposure of the unhealthy condition of which the above items are symptomatic was accomplished by Mr. Aaron Rosenthal, who during the last

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year has been comptroller of NSF. Mr. Rosenthal is a tough-souled public servant, dedicated to the proposition that his appointment to office meant what it said—that he was commissioned to protect the public purse from intentional and innocent squandering. Because a number of scientists whose appropriations have been affected by his sense of mission are trying now to picture him in the minds of U.S. Congressmen as a ruthless individual infected with new found power, justice may be encouraged by the reporting here of a long train of unhappy events that antedated Mr. Rosenthal's action.

The first event was the atomic explosion at Alamagordo, New Mexico, on the morning of 16 July 1945. The terrifying power of the bomb materialized a popular myth about science which many scientists unfortunately had contributed to the weaving of. The myth was that man could "conquer" his environment. If this notion were true, the whole theory of biological evolution would necessarily be false; for the theory says that primitive living creatures came into being on earth as a consequence of hospitable conditions created by the action of the sun on the planet and, responding to signals from the water and the air about them through external and internal communication systems which are only now beginning to be studied, these creatures evolved physical shapes and nervous apparatuses capable of surviving the evolving surroundings. But by the time the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Negasaki, so much energy and ingenuity were being concentrated on the manipulation of natural forces that the men who were playing at being gods neglected to notice what was happening to their own images in the process. Before the end of World War II, the influence of physicists and chemists — the bomb-makers — overwhelmed the voices of biologists whose job it was to protect the human race from immersing itself in an environment where life would be extinguished.

Not that the biologists were mute. If anything, they talked too much in proportion to what they were willing to do to change the situation. They conferred in ninety to 100 different specialized groups, each of which felt weak and alone but not weak enough or alone enough to pool the resources of their group with the other groups and so summon strength to face the common danger. General organizations did exist, three of them. But two of the three—the American Biological Society and the Union of American Biological Societies—were hardly more than names, and the third—the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology—cared only about research impinging on medicine.

Similar splintering tendencies had threatened chemistry and physics many years before, and had been stopped by formation of the American Chemical Society and the American Institute of Physics. Aware of this history, exceptional individuals among the biologists, who saw the science of life as an unbroken frontier, could not accept either the desirability or the necessity of fragmentation of the explorations to which their lives had been dedicated. A few of the more determined of them gathered at Woods Hole, Mass., in the late Robert Chambers' house, one summer evening in 1944. As president of the Union of American Biological Societies, it was natural for Dr. Chambers to be the host. Dr. Detlev Bronk, whose researches on man's potentialities as a flying animal had affected the course of the war, was becoming a power at the National Academy of Sciences; in any unifying movement, his help would be most valuable, and he was one of Dr. Chambers' guests. Dr. E. G. Butler, of Princeton, and Dr. Paul Weiss of Chicago (later affiliated with Rockefeller Institute) were there, too. Perhaps a dozen others took part in the discussion. No one seems to have kept a record of the informal conversation or a list of those present. But whoever was there, and whatever they said, the meeting had almost instant effect.

That September, in connection with business sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Cleveland, O., another informal meeting took place. This time a record was kept, at least of the participants. Among them were Dr. Bronk, Dr. Frank A. Brown, Jr., of Northwestern University; the late great Dr. A. J. Carlson of Chicago; Dr. Chambers, Dr. Ralph Cleland of Indiana University, Dr. H. B. Steinbach of Washington University (now at Chicago), and Dr. Weiss. Dr. Bronk was charged with collecting suggestions, drawing them up into a plan, and putting the plan into effect.

In the following year, again in connection with meetings of the AAAS — in St. Louis — more steam was built up behind the unification movement. The Union of American Biological Societies, speaking in spirit for thirty-nine constituent groups, endorsed the scheme then taking shape. Seven other biological societies jumped on the band wagon within a few days.

THE nature of the proposal became common knowledge in the American scientific community after the annual meeting of the Division of Biology and Agriculture of the National Research Council (created by Woodrow Wilson in World War I to expand the influence of the National Academy of Sciences) on 12 April 1946. There was to be a new agency that would represent all biologists. It would be called the American Institute of Biology. It would function as an integral unit of NRC and thus reflect the prestige of the Academy. The principal objective: to provide "a unity of outlook" which would take into account the fact that biology, by tradition a discipline of describing and teaching, had burst out into active research into the dynamics of life processes. Attempts would be made to attract the brainiest youth of the country into biology, to encourage these young people with fellowships, to inspire them by making government cognizant of the value of their contribution to democratic society, and to broaden their opportunity to contribute by linking their own specialties and biology in general to medicine and agriculture, chemistry and physics. Once brought into being, AIBS would complement NRC, not compete with its already established services. The goal would be leadership, not lobbying, for — in the words of Dr. Bronk's summary of purpose: "The strength and effectiveness of biology will depend ultimately and primarily on the quality of the work done in biology and on the character of biologists."

To await approval from even a simple majority of the ninety to 100 existing biological societies before going further would have risked abortion of the unborn agency. It was agreed that as soon as a constitution and by-laws could be drafted and accepted by ten societies, AIBS would come into being. Other societies could then affiliate in democratic fashion. Drs. Cleland, Steinbach and Weiss were named to write the necessary documents. They completed their task by mid-March 1947. On the last day of that month the constitution and by-laws for AIBS were transmitted to the appropriate NRC committee, and on 11 April 1947 the organizing board which NRC had set up within its Division of Biology and Agriculture met to take formal action on what had been done.

By this time the active group included, in addition to the originators

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of the AIBS idea, such men as Dr. Bentley Glass of Johns Hopkins, Dr. Wallace Fenn of Rochester, Dr. John S. Karling of Columbia (now at Purdue), Dr. Paul J. Kramer of Duke, Dr. J. S. Nicholas of Yale, and Dr. H. B. Tukey of Michigan. Dr. Bronk, who had meanwhile risen to the chairmanship of NRC, still carried the main burden. He insisted that "emphasis should be on the enhancement of the biological sciences rather than on the immediate welfare of any special phase or individual." That some representatives of the twenty-seven biological societies had doubts on this point was evident from a motion that the constitution or by-laws should guarantee equal treatment of plant biologists and animal biologists. There was also a question of whether relationship with NRC would undesirably restrict the activities of AIBS. But the sentiment of the group was that the NRC affiliation would be beneficial, and it was voted to establish AIBS under the Academy's proferred aegis.

On 20 February 1948, establishment of AIBS was formally announced to the press by NRC. The governing board had Indiana's Dr. Cleland as chairman, Princeton's Dr. Butler as vice chairman, and Fenn of Rochester, T. C. Byerly and F. P. Cullinan of the U. S. Department of Agriculture as members, with NRC chairman Bronk and NRC Biology and Agriculture Division chairman Nicholas ex-officio. Twelve societies held founding memberships, and on that very first day of AIB'S life they haggled over the dues. A dollar a year per member was the highest sum they would approve; where one biologist belonged to more than one society (a practice many men had to adopt in order to keep up with developments in the finely narrowed specialties) it wasn't considered safe to assess him more than a single dollar per year altogether.

THUS, from the beginning, common sense dictated austerity. With income from dues limited to a fraction of the sums chemists and physicists were paying to support the American Chemical Society and the American Institute of Physics, expenditures for the promotion of biology had to be held down. To make ends meet, NRC agreed that the director of AIBS should also serve as secretary of the NRC division of Biology and Agriculture, so that the salary could be split fifty-fifty. The founders were willing to operate on a shoestring because they believed the membership would grow and gradually recognize the need for liberalizing the dues. The growth occurred as expected, membership rising from 10,400 in 1949 to 14,000 in 1950. But the attitude toward dues worsened instead of improving; the members clamored for immediate benefits to justify their dollars.

Two reasonably quick benefits were possible. One was an annual meeting of all biologists, or at least as many who wished to come. The other was a roster of biologists which could be used as a reference by fellowship and grant giving agencies and as a listing to facilitate placement of biologists in better paying jobs. To manage the roster and the annual meetings, a botany professor on temporary leave from the faculty of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Dr. Hiden Cox, was hired as assistant to the director of AIBS.

At that juncture, Rockefeller Institute's Dr. Weiss was chairman of the NRC Division of Biology and Agriculture. He welcomed Dr. Cox as a man sparkling with ideas and driven by seemingly endless energy. And he wrote a letter of profound regret when Dr. Cox quit the job in 1954 and went back to Virginia.

MANY bitter words have been said about this episode. Most of those who had anything to do with it directly prefer not to discuss it. A few facts are clear. The Office of Naval Research had chosen AIBS as a channel for choice of advisory panels to pass upon research grants and contracts sought by biologists. An even more lucrative source of funds for biological research had arisen almost coincidentally in time with AIBS's own birth — the new National Science Foundation. ONR and NSF both had extended grants and contracts to AIBS through the NRC, and NRC had deducted a fixed percentage for overhead. According to Dr. Weiss, this percentage paid only a fraction of NRC's real cost of administration, since AIBS had free use of NRC office space and clerical facilities. Anyhow, the percentage amounted to only a few thousand dollars a year. Nevertheless, Dr. Cox seems to have believed that with those few thousand dollars AIBS could break free, broaden its horizons, and meet the unsatiated demands of its membership. Hence his withdrawal.

Dr. Cox resigned on 11 May 1954. By autumn of that same year, the AIBS governing board had voted to follow the AIBS deputy director out of NRC. On 19 January 1955, it was announced that AIBS had been chartered in the District of Columbia as an independent private non-profit corporation, with Dr. Glass of Johns Hopkins as president, Dr. Fenn of Rochester as vice president, and Dr. Cox as executive director. Dr. Glass has been quoted in *Science* as saying that he had to persuade Dr. Cox to come back from VPI to run the new AIBS. However, in the course of a long talk with me about this whole matter, Dr. Cox told me: "I didn't need to be persuaded. I believed in an independent AIBS from the start and worked for it in every way I could."

AIBS's break with the NRC and NRC's patrician parent, The National Academy of Sciences, might have healed in time if any connective tissue had been left to facilitate healing. But Dr. Cox was too proud to go back to ask advice from his seasoned old boss, Dr. Frank Campbell, former editor of *Scientific Monthly*, who remained behind as executive secretary of NRC's Division of Biology and Agriculture. All association between AIBS and NRC terminated abruptly.

As the foremost founding father of AIBS, Dr. Bronk could hardly take the stony divorce as a compliment as he moved up from the NRC chairmanship to the presidency of the Academy. It is a tribute to his tolerance that he did not attempt to be vindictive while sitting as chairman of the National Science Board. On the other hand, it might in the long run have been better for everybody concerned if someone else had been chairman of that board—someone who felt no need to lean over backward to be forgiving. For the National Science Board governs the National Science Foundation, and in those early days the board members had to approve individually every grant of research funds that NSF gave to scientists.

An NSF grant of $17,600 paid for the furniture and other office equipment AIBS required to set up housekeeping independently on 1 March 1955. NSF also advanced AIBS $26,400 for "services to be rendered." From that small pod of seed money AIBS grew with the speed of Jack's beanstalk in the fairy

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

Background Reading

For 1,000 years the noble families of Venice proudly served the government of their unique city.

Then they lost interest in the task of governing.

The story is well told in a new Johns Hopkins Press book, "The Decline of the Venetian Nobility as a Ruling Class." Written by Dr. James C. Davis, of the University of Pennsylvania history department, this book won the 1959 prize of the Society for Italian Historical Studies. It is a thin but eligant volume, worth its price of $4.

Dr. Davis' text has pertinence today in relation to the problem discussed in adjacent columns of this issue of SR/Research.

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tale. Member societies paid not one jot more in dues. Yet by 1958 the payroll AIBS reported to the U. S. Treasury Department was up to $17,287.61; in 1959, it was $36,135.54; in 1960, it was $74,469.37; and in 1961 it was $108,332.17.

Dr. Cox claims and NSF does not deny that more NSF grants and contracts were issued to AIBS than to any other grant-seeker. Other moneys flowed into AIBS from the Office of Naval Research, the Atomic Energy Commission, the U. S. Army, the National Institutes of Health, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Asia Foundation, the Council of Library Resources, the Seth Sprague Foundation, the Human Ecology Fund and Lerner Laboratories among others.

"WHAT a fireball!" people exclaimed about Dr. Cox. His friends said, "That man can smell money!"

In 1955, AIBS had three grants worth $46,000. In 1961 there were sixty-one, worth $2,240,000.

Dr. Cox came to be heralded as a spokesman for the young, a champion of the underdog, a liberator of scientific tradition from the stuffy restrictions of the self-perpetuating National Academy of Sciences. Biologists who never had tasted public attention before were now going out as AIBS lecturers to the high schools and colleges. Circulation of the *AIBS Bulletin* rose, and attendance at biology conventions more than doubled. Many delegates to these meetings seemed to feel a sense of personal identification from wearing impressive badges signed in a bold hand with Dr. Cox's name.

Somewhere upwards of 2,000 biologists became involved in Dr. Cox's scheme to reform teaching of biology in American high schools. Three alternate curricula were devised—not just for the top tenth of the classes, as had been done in physics, but for all students, even the dullest. It might be the only chance many of them would have to learn what science really means. This would be democracy on the march. NSF agreed it would be worth $6,000,000, even though rigorous guidelines already existed in recent studies the Academy had made at little cost to the taxpayers.

Curricula took time to develop, however, and even more time to go into effect. Dr. Cox thought biology teachers ought to have immediate help. Classroom movies could do it. He persuaded the Ford Foundation and AEC to finance the movies.

When the U. S. Civil Service Commission raised Federal government pay scales in certain specialized categories to attract more competent scientists into public service, it neglected to include biologists in the new ratings. Dr. Cox protested that, and the biologists were added, pronto.

Dr. Cox began traveling abroad, meeting foreign scientists, offering them oportunities to lecture in America, exhibiting the high school curricula in India, planning international symposia that the State Department had been slow in thinking about.

Back home, President John F. Kennedy's decision to reach the moon by 1970 had not proved popular among American scientists. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration was told to drum up approval. NASA administrator James Webb chose Dr. Cox to advise on amplifying and sweeting the tone of NASA's drums.

In more and more places, Dr. Cox was introduced as "Mr. AIBS" and even as "Mr. Biology."

While working for NASA during the first half of 1962, Dr. Cox held leave status at AIBS. Upon returning to AIBS in July, he found a request from NSF's newly appointed comptroller Aaron Rosenthal for an opportunity to look at the AIBS account books. It was the first time anyone at NSF had shown interest in AIBS bookkeeping. In its early years, NSF possessed no auditors of its own, and the auditing office that had been set up in 1960 was too small to attempt more than random sampling. Comptroller Rosenthal pursued the sampling more rigorously. Contract No. C131, under which NSF paid AIBS an annual fee for maintaining a national roster of biologists, came up for renewal. Mr. Rosenthal decided to check that one account. Since AIBS' own auditors were going over the AIBS books just then, Mr. Rosenthal agreed to wait until Labor Day.

In examining the accounts for contract No. C131, Mr. Rosenthal's men noticed something curious. They asked to see the books on other NSF accounts. "Is there anything unusual?" Dr. Cox asked them. They said the growth pattern of AIBS was most unusual. Dr. Cox appears to have taken that as a compliment.

NSF's comptroller Rosenthal reacted differently after hearing the details of the unusual pattern. He went to see Dr. Alan Waterman, NSF director. Dr. Waterman reported the conversation to the National Science Board at the next board meeting in November. And on the Monday before Thanksgiving 1962, Mr. Rosenthal went over Dr. Cox's head to summon the four top elected officials of AIBS: Dr. Frits Went, of the St. Louis Botanical Garden, president; Dr. Tracy Sonneborn, of Indiana University, past president; Dr. James Ebert of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C., president-elect; and vice president Dr. Paul Kramer of Duke University. Drs. Went, Ebert and Kramer appeared in response to the call.

There was a tentatively estimated shortage of $331,570 in the funds NSF had granted to AIBS, Mr. Rosenthal told them. Unaccounted for, he said, were:

1. "Overhead" charges $108,637 in excess of the amounts justified by AIBS' actual costs in administering NSF funds.
2. "Non-acceptable" items totaling $19,553, including $2500 for foreign travel and $4221 for entertainment.
3. Interest totaling $28,846 on NSF funds invested by AIBS in violation of NSF grant regulations.
4. Income of $174,534 principally from sale of biology curriculum papers—income that should have been held in escrow.

The missing money would have to be restored, Mr. Rosenthal declared. How did AIBS intend to go about it, and what guarantees could the assembled officers give against repetition of such irregularities?

Drs. Went, Ebert and Kramer asked how much time they had to frame an answer. Mr. Rosenthal asked how much time seemed reasonable to them. They asked for a week, and got it. When the week was up, Dr. Went telegraphed an offer containing two principal points: Dr. Cox would be removed from fiscal and management responsibility for AIBS, and AIBS "meantime . . . will work for the sanitation of our finances."

Sanitation? Was that word a typographical error perhaps?

No. It said exactly what Dr. Went meant. For beneath the spectacular facade of prosperity, AIBS under Dr. Cox's management had carried on for seven years what Dr. Cox himself now candidly describes as "a financial juggling act." For lack of sound capital in membership dues—which from the first day of independence were never enough to pay the daily bills—he says he went "in hock to NSF" and never got out.

First he would get a grant or contract for biological research of some kind that could be handled by or through AIBS. Then he would put the money into a common fund with membership dues, convention fees, and payments for subscriptions to the *AIBS Bulletin*. Next he would dip into the common fund to hire the people capable of performing the research. Then he would get another grant, put it into the common fund, hire some more people, get yet another grant, add it to the common fund, and hire still more people.

Since each grant and contract included a percentage for overhead, the system seemed foolproof. But AIBS overhead collections jumped from $9,-

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000 in 1955 to $282,000 in 1961 and Dr. Cox still could not stop the merry-go-round. In his own words, he was caught in "a cycle . . . in [which he had] to get more grant and contract money this year to support an organization which had grown to serve contracts and grants which were acquired last year to provide money for the staff which had increased to serve contracts and grants of the previous year, and so on."

Minutes of meetings of the AIBS governing board (made up of delegates from member societies) show that the board knew of Dr. Cox's method of commingling funds from the beginning. The board members approved the commingling rather than face the necessity of urging their societies to raise the membership dues. Dr. Cox says minor officials of NSF sometimes attended board meetings and give no sign of disapproving what they heard and saw. As long as the elected officers of AIBS came up through the board and the executive committee before achieving nomination, a period of acclimatization prepared their minds. And it was in this amosphere of self-hypnosis that the question arose concerning further financing of the movies for biology classrooms in the high schools.

The Ford Foundation had given $190,000 and the Atomic Energy Commission $70,000 for this project. The sum was ample for the original plans Dr. Cox presented. But these plans mushroomed with time under the warmth of Dr. Cox's enthusiasm. Where one professor had been supposed to do the job, seventy professors ended up doing it. The appropriation was gone before a third of the promised 120 movies had been filmed.

WAS it alright, Dr. Cox asked the executive committee, for him to borrow from "the general fund" to complete the film series? The money would certainly come back as soon as the movies were made and sold to the schools. AIBS would collect all the income from those sales, and everyone present understood what that would mean for future operations. Wasn't it good business to borrow from "the general fund" rather than to lose the investment?

Some of the men who approved that "borrowing" have told me since that they didn't remember at the time that "the general fund" of AIBS was mostly public money from government grants. Dr. Cox offers no such excuses. "I contend that AIBS has been well managed through seven quite critical years," he said in a 1963 report to the AIBS governing board, "and I stand on my record."

Now Dr. Cox's record had for some time been under challenge at the Academy, where the NRC Division of Biology and Agriculture still functioned. Academicians resented Dr. Cox's failure to acknowledge the prior work they had done on curriculum guidelines. They also resented his willingness to act as spokesmen for all of biology when AIBS in fact represented only part of biology. They felt he was more responsive to numbers than to ability. And they were worried above all by the consequences of his excursions into international politics. The Academy was the established voice of American science in the International Council of Scientific Unions—topmost body of world research—and there already had been more than enough difficulty in moving the State Department toward intelligent attitudes about science in relation to statemanship. The last thing that was needed was to have the lines crossed by an inexperienced super-salesman of any sort.

PERHAPS in part because he was a member of the Academy and aware of the sentiment there, perhaps in part because he was elected president of AIBS without first being acclimatized in the governing board and executive committee, Dr. Tracy Sonneborn of Indiana University had begun to ask questions about Dr. Cox's performance as soon as Dr. Sonneborn entered office in the year 1961. What he learned depressed him to such a point that, after bringing in a business manager, Mr. Charles Ossala (described as "a pessimist when there is nothing to be optimistic about"), he left the presidency in August, with four months of his term yet to run, in order to give his successor a headstart in straightening out AIBS's scrambled affairs. Two years before, Paul Hawkins, legal advisor to AIBS, had issued a warning about the commingled accounts to the governing board; now, in February 1962, auditor John Stov advised the executive committee that from a strict legal point of view what was being done amounted to misappropriation of funds. Dr. Sonneborn's successor in the AIBS presidency, Dr. Went, also having missed the acclimatizing process of previous service on the committee or the board, was as shocked as his predecessor had been. One result of the growing disquiet was a formal request to NSF for a million dollar gift to be spread over five years to put AIBS on its feet. This request was refused.

NFS's comptroller Rosenthal insists he knew of none of the developments just described when he sent out his pre-Thanksgiving summons in 1962. All he knew was that his men had examined the AIBS accounts and had found them wanting. He refused to be appeased by Dr. Went's offer of Dr. Cox's head. The proposal was "not considered adequate to protect the interests of the U. S. government," he advised, adding a demand that AIBS "stop all disbursements from AIBS bank accounts and agree not to make any further disbursements except upon approval of an NSF representative". To demonstrate that he meant business, he sent informal word to AIBS that if compliance was not immediate and complete, NSF would seek a court injunction and perhaps throw AIBS into bankruptcy.

FOR one day the AIBS operation stopped dead. The pause was noted on page 23 C of the 4 December 1962 issue of *The New York Times*. Two days later, a letter signed by Dr. Went on behalf of the AIBS executive committee was mailed to members of AIBS' constituent societies. It blurred the uncomfortable truth by saying: "The AIBS is no longer able to make certain financial arrangements which in the past have permitted us to maintain an organization. . . . Let me cite an example of a type of financing we have had to follow. Grants normally are payable in advance. These advanced funds have had to be used as 'capital' funds for contracts and other AIBS authorized activities for which reimbursement can be recovered only after expenses have been incurred. This practice, and similar others approved by our auditors, and never before questioned by granting agencies, will not now be permitted by Federal regulations. Furthermore, we can no longer count upon 'overhead' allowances from grants to support the non-grant, non-contract activities of the AIBS, even in part." The letter ended with an appeal for contributions, pledges or individual membership fees to save AIBS from bankruptcy.

On 9 January 1963, the new AIBS president, Carnegie Institution's Dr. Ebert, wrote another letter. The previous month's communication, he said, had been "inadequate . . . and in my opinion, not sufficiently frank. . . . In my judgment, there can be no question that AIBS is morally at fault on several counts, among them the following: most serious, NFS funds, awarded for other purposes, were diverted to support the AIBS Film Series, without NSF approval. Also, funds received from sale of publications, which should have been held in escrow, were not. Again, interest was drawn on NSF funds and not repaid to the government, as a directive requires. AIBS has been criticised sharply for slipshod busines smanagement operations. And, finally, there have been irregularities in charges for entertainment and travel, although the sums involved *thus far* are relatively small. The investigation is being continued. Another serious, major question, that

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to which Frits Went referred in his earlier letter . . . concerns AIBS' understanding of the uses of overhead allowances, NFS taking a different position."

Pending completion of further NSF audits, Dr. Ebert said, "it is clear that AIBS must raise at least $250,000, possibly substantially more" to restore the missing public moneys.

HIS letter called an emergency meeting of the governing board for two full days in Washington to decide how the AIBS obligation was to be satisfied and what Dr. Cox's future position was to be in AIBS. Until the board acted, Dr. Cox would remain as executive director, but NSF had been "assured that until all questions are resolved he will have no responsibility for fiscal matters." Meanwhile, AIBS would be run by Mr. Ossala under the new title of general manager. He would report directly to president Ebert and vice president Kramer. Mr. Ossala had already cut the office staff by one third to conserve assets. He had also got rid of AIBS' biggest temptation by shifting the curriculum studies to their previous branch headquarters at Colorado University.

This last move was made so fast that few observers took time to calculate how much the overhead fee on those studies would amount to altogether—whether the fee on the total $6,000,000 grant would be the fifteen percent maximum claimed by AIBS or the ten and a half percent that NSF's auditors estimated to be justified by AIBS's actual administrative cost. Even the four and a half percent difference between those two rates would be $270,000.

Nor was there time for questions to be raised about the royalties on the curriculum documents which ultimately will be sold to the high schools. AIBS held the copyrights on those documents, and Dr. Cox estimated the royalties in excess of $1,000,000 over a three to five year period. Is it proper to pay any private scientific institution or scientific personage a million dollars in royalties on a public investment?

After Dr. Ebert's letter was in the mail, he suggested to Dr. Cox that the governing board should have an opportunity to act on Dr. Cox's resignation. Dr. Cox declined to provide the opportunity. The ensuing board meeting lasted one and a half instead of two days, and concluded with announcement that Dr. Cox would be moved from his old post of executive director of AIBS to "new responsibilities as long range planning officer." The AIBS staff, including general manager Ossala, would report in future to the executive committee through Dr. Cox's former deputy, Dr. John R. Olive. An official AIBS statement to the press quoted Dr. Ebert as saying: "We have not solved our problems, but we have charted an honorable course."

The charted course was to pay NSF $100,000 within thirty days, and the remainder of what is determined to be owed within three years.

Dr. Ebert concluded with the following remarks:

"In the eyes of the nation, the problems faced by the National Science Foundation and the AIBS are of the utmost gravity.

"The actions of the [AIBS] governing board speak eloquently of the unity, vitality and fiscal responsibility of our segment of the scientific community, faced with a problem that in varying degrees confronts all of science today."

What that remark meant he spelled out in a letter on 1 February 1963:

"In the eyes of the world, and of the Congress, there is a growing belief that scientists are fiscally irresponsible. I believe that scientists are responsible. Sometimes, however, the flexibility of approach to research, experimental design, and action so prized by scientists, properly made a part of grant instruments and wisely defended by our granting agencies, has been equated with looseness in fiscal administration. Often we have been abetted along this path by our university administrators. Our lofty ideals, our high purpose in the laboratory and classroom, have not always been carried over in our day-to-day business practice; we have been more concerned with the advancement of our own fields than with safeguarding the public interest."

Biologists throughout the country have been bombarded with appeals to become individual members of the AIBS by paying a membership fee of $10 per year for at least three years. The deadline set by the AIBS board for payment of the first $100,000 to NSF was 25 February 1963. As these words are written, just one week before that date, two-thirds of the designated sum has arrived at AIBS headquarters in Washington, D.C. But not all biologists agree that they have an obligation to "bail out" the AIBS management. A number of them are offended by Dr. Bentley Glass' statement that to hold Dr. Cox personally responsible "would be a disgrace to the entire scientific community." The dissenters are willing to accept the assurance of NSF director Waterman that there is "no evidence of personal gain" if personal gain is interpreted to mean theft or payment behind the hand. But Dr. Cox himself has conceded that the spectacular growth of AIBS increased his own salary as AIBS executive director.

One of the constituent societies of AIBS is the American Society of Naturalists. Its president is Dr. R. A. Brink, of Madison, Wis. In a letter to his membership, he asks:

"Is it too much to hope that the Institute will . . . take the lead, on behalf of biologists in general, in offering (perhaps in conjunction with like ganizations in other fields of science) to cooperate with the Federal granting agencies, as a consultant, in securing administrative reforms that will both satisfy Congress and fully protect the freedom of the individual scientist?"

A few suggestions about this proposal may be in order.

First, it ought to be accepted.

Second, the consultants representing biological science ought to include the National Academy of Sciences, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology in addition to AIBS. Consultants for the science administrators ought to include the Office of Naval Research, the National Institutes of Health, the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Science Foundation, the Department of Defense, the Agricultural Research Service, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation.

Third, the questions discussed ought to include questions of quality as opposed to quantity. For example, is it more desirable, from the public point of view, to use the old advisory syste of the National Academy of Science, in which Academy members accepted no payment except travel expenses, or to use the AIBS system of paying consultants handsome per diems?

Fourth, the discussion should reach into such puzzles as why government science project planners so often are at war with the legal and fiscal agents of their own shops—why, as Dr. Waterman has said of NSF, "in finance there is one place to go for information; in programming, there are fifty voices, and sometimes, by trying to be courteous, they can create misunderstandings." Shouldn't there be a single consistent policy which always puts the public interest foremost?

Fifth, the consultations ought to take place in the open, where the public can hear the whole of the argument, preferably before a responsible committee of the U. S. Congress.

Sixth, before the forum is closed, the assembled consultants ought to advise the Congress on ways and means of staffing Congressional committees for independent analysis of research claims presented by scientific advisors to the executive branch of the government that is, how to reassert intelligent cc trol by society of the most powerful social force of modern times.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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SCIENCE IS AMORAL; NEED SCIENTISTS BE AMORAL, TOO?

By REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.

Member of the National Science Board

As St. Francis once said, speaking of oneself is like walking the tight rope. It takes balance. But it may contribute ultimately to what I have to say, so I will take the chance.

Eight years ago, I had a call from the White House asking if I would accept a position on the National Science Board. I replied that I must be the wrong man, for all of my education had centered on philosophy and theology. Then I was told that President Eisenhower wanted a philosophical and theological point of view represented on the Science Board. What could I say to that? I joined.

Other assignments followed: the board of the Midwestern Universities search Association, working on a new ...eme in high energy physics; the Nutrition Foundation Board; the Policy Advisory Board of Argonne National Laboratory; the International Atomic Energy Agency; Atoms for Peace; and the board of the original Physical Science Study Committee, to mention a few. Our own science program at Notre Dame University also filled some gaps in my scientific education.

As the years passed, I found that I had many more friends among the scientists and engineers than among the philosophers and theologians. I still read the journals of my own profession, and have enjoyed those rare moments when I could be a philosopher and theologian, but the pressure has been relentless to learn more and more about science and technology.

Whatever else these past years have meant, they have made of me no enemy of science and technology, but rather a friend who would like to see these twin currents make their full and complete contribution to the life of man. This will not happen automatically. In fact, if science and technology are turned in upon themselves, with no ...erence to the higher and deeper real...es of human life and aspiration, they may ultimately become the scourge instead of the great benefactor of mankind. It is all a matter of perspective.

No one can deny that science and technology are the greatest and most impelling forces in twentieth century culture. Just look at what they have accomplished for this nation which has totally espoused them. We are better fed, better housed, better clothed, better medicated, longer lived than any people in the history of mankind. We have better communications, better transportation, and more electrical energy than any nation on earth. We are indeed the affluent society, almost overwhelmed by every convenience and gadget, envied and emulated by every other society that may condemn us at one moment and imitate us the next.

QUESTION: Is this monumental and rapidly accelerating movement towards science and technology a bad reality of our times, dangerous and prejudicial to man's better interests? Are science and technology getting out of hand?

One cannot give a simple yes or no answer to these questions, for science and technology are of themselves morally neutral, neither good nor bad. Science and technology are simply means not ends, and they are only good or bad depending upon how they are used by man. This leads us to the really significant question:

How well are science and technology being used by man and for man?

To answer this question in any depth, one must move out of the scientific and technological dimension. The nature and destiny of man is not a scientific or technological question. It is essentially philosophical and theological. As far as man is concerned, one might say it is *the* philosophical and theological question, the basis for moral judgment about every human activity, including science and technology.

Two classic answers to this question stand in stark contention today. These are generally classified as East or West, material or spiritual, Communistic or Democratic. But the real answer is not quite as simple as the good guys and the bad guys, if one is truly honest.

The Communistic viewpoint on the nature and destiny of man is forthright and clear-cut. We must give them that. They view man as a simple material reality, of the earth earthy if you will, with no destiny beyond time, the pawn of deterministic causality, bereft of innate spiritual dignity and, therefore, a creature of the state with no inherent or inalienable rights. In their view, there is no question of a Creator or Divine Providence, no eternal destiny, nothing beyond matter. Therefore, the task of science and technology for them is quite simple: to create an earthly paradise by whatever procedures the state determines, without personal freedom or choice on the part of the scientist or engineer.

I am ready to concede that science and technology can hasten the achievement of their stated goals. Again, I do not condemn science and technology for this, since as I have said, science and technology are morally neutral, ready and available to serve any goal men choose, good or evil. Men make the choice.

I happen to believe that the Communist choice is evil. I think that they prostitute science and technology to goals unworthy of man as he truly is, unworthy of man's highest and truest aspirations, destructive of human dignity and freedom.

Believing this, I would sincerely like to say that we do better, that our science and technology are more attuned to a higher vision of man. But again, the picture is not quite so black or white. Our performance is not quite so clear-cut in opposition to theirs.

May I go farther and say that our vision of man's nature and destiny, although higher and better in statement, is often fogged by our actual performance. We may assert a more spiritual philosophy of man's nature and destiny, but in the use of science and technology, we are in practice rather selfishly committed to our own material satisfactions and survival, largely unmindful of the total human situation.

Much of their science and technology is used for pure military purposes, human talent and brain power dedicated to the means of destroying man. Is our record much better?

Page through any newspaper or magazine, listen to our radio and look at our television programs. What image do these give of the production of the white-coated scientists and engineers?

To a hungry world we give the image of stored surpluses, better dog food, more esoteric dishes, how to eat more and still lose weight, how to have more appetite and then alleviate the effects of over-eating, how to stimulate and then sedate. Better soap, better de-

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odorants, better beer, better cigarettes, better heating and cooling, better barbiturates, better cars, better chewing gum: these seem to be the ultimate blessings that science and technology have afforded us, the highly visible trappings of our American society, the most widely advertised contributions of science and technology to modern day America and to the world.

I fully realize that science and technology are committed to tasks other than war and luxuries. There are exciting adventures in space. But even here the pressured pace and the resulting escalated costs would not be so extreme if we were not operating under the exigencies of cold war competition and military possibilities. And remember that even we and the Russians do not have infinite resources of men and money. Enormous sums of money spent on Project A cancel out the possibility of undertaking Project B, C, and D, and in this present case, almost all the way to Z. Even so, we are still doing other things, too, even if on a reduced scale: radio astronomy, oceanography, genetics, cryogenics, cybernetics, atmospheric research, high energy physics, Mohole, and others.

Nevertheless, I submit that what really has impact on the earth's people, outside of America, is that thanks to science and technology—we are wealthy while they are poor, we are healthy while they are diseased, we live in palaces compared to their shacks, we are well fed while they are hungry, we are educated while they are ignorant, we have the good life while they have only frustrated hopes. We may think to win them by the dazzling performance of putting men in space, but this is meager inspiration to people living in the swamps of poverty, ignorance, and disease, below the arching orbits.

None of us have written the script for the condition of mankind today. But we can, if we really believe in freedom and human dignity, help create in our day a new condition of mankind, a situation in which human freedom and dignity are at least possible. Never before in history has this been possible. The vast majority of mankind has ever been hungry, diseased, ignorant, poor, and badly housed. The great glory of science and technology in our day is that it provides the means of relieving this ancient human bondage, these cruel forms of universal human slavery.

Will science and technology in our day be dedicated to this great and noble work of human liberation? The best way to approach an answer to this question is not to ask it of science and technology, which are impersonal, but to ask the men who are the scientists and the engineers, the men who create and operate the present world of science and technology.

Maybe it is time for scientists and engineers to become philosophers and theologians, too, that they might question the moral impact of their work on the world in which they live.

Is this asking too much of scientists and engineers?

Ask anything less, and you reduce scientists and engineers to the level of automatons. It really makes little practical difference if scientists and engineers in the Soviet realm are forced to dedicate their lives to utterly materialistic ends, while ours are seduced to do likewise by financial support, by prestigious appointments, or by the wave of our present affluent culture and material preoccupations. In either case, science is prostituted to something far below its greatest human potentiality. In either case, mankind is the loser. Indeed, the heavier moral condemnation may fall upon the scientists and engineers who are free to act, free to choose.

The Author

The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, author of the accompanying article, is president of Notre Dame University and a member of the National Science Board, which is responsible to the President of the United States for operation of the National Science Foundation. The text of his remarks here was excerpted from a recent public address in California

We all admit the impact of the scientific and technological revolution. But we have yet to witness the revolution of scientists and engineers.

Think for a moment of what would happen if the revolution of scientists and engineers should occur. Suppose that our scientists and engineers really decided to make an assault on hunger: by developing both good and arid lands abroad and organizing large scale agriculture around the world as we have in this country where five to ten per cent of the population feed all the rest of the people and develop huge surpluses. We have proved that it can be done, but we have been satisfied to do it mainly for ourselves. If scientists and engineers put their talents to work, do you believe that there would be 900,000,000 illiterates in this world, with all the riches of human culture closed to them? With modern communications, one master teacher can teach millions—but it isn't being done, except in a few isolated places where it has begun without our help. What if more scientists and engineers, decided to make a concerted assault on disease, through better sanitation, vaccination, nutrition and all the rest? Again, we do it for ourselves and seem largely unconcerned about the rest of humanity.

We know that industrial development depends largely upon electrical energy. Africa, for example, has forty per cent of the hydroelectrical potential of the world. But only half of one per cent of the potential is developed. We balked at the Aswan Dam and let the Russians do it. Italian engineers built the Kariba, and we argued for months about the Volta in Ghana. People elsewhere might legitimately ask, "Are the Americans really interested?"

SCIENTISTS and engineers may blame the politicians who make the decisions. But I insist: We are committed to freedom and we are still free to work where and as we wish.

Am I then suggesting that scientists and engineers take over the governance of our country?

Not quite, but I am more than suggesting that scientists and engineers cannot be oblivious to the moral quality and effects of their handiwork.

Someone may remark at this point: "But we are spending billions for foreign aid." Yes, about four billions annually, to be exact. But again, about half of this is military aid, and the two billion that are left seem hardly sacrificial when you compare it to the six billion we spend annually for tobacco, the twelve billion for alcohol, the twenty billion for that ancient pastime called gambling.

I am speaking of values, and proportion, or perspective if you prefer the word. We cannot overlook that there are only eighty engineers backing up our multi-billion Agency for International Development, as against eight or nine thousand in our Space Agency. We cannot overlook that the total seventy-eight nation budget for the International Atomic Energy Agency—the Atoms for Peace Program—is less than the cost of a single rocket shot at the moon last October. To produce one nuclear submarine we spend more than our total annual budget for agricultural research and this in a world of hunger.

Science and engineering, in our times are anything but mediocre. Why then should the scientist and engineer allow them to be used for mediocre ends and to hide himself in the mass?

Why should we pioneer in space and be timid on earth? Why should we break the bonds of earth and leave man in bondage below?

Unless a true revolution occurs, future generations of historians may ask why our scientists and engineers did not really join the human race in our times, when the opportunities were so great, the means at hand so magnificent.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXIII

HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB AND PULLED OUT—DNA!

Irish Dr. Maurice Wilkins, Cryptographer of Life's Secret Code

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

THERE are men of science who, like men of art, awaken in the night stirred by a vision. And there are others to whom conclusions are admissible only after experimental observation. Such a man is Maurice Wilkins, a man of precision.

He may tell you a procedure will be quite helpful; then he will lower his eyes, think, and amend the "quite" to "rather." He began his Nobel lecture, "Nucleic acids are very remarkable." After second thought, he crossed out the "very."

It was one of his considered second noughts that amended his career from physics to biophysics. He had worked on the separation of uranium isotopes for use in atomic bombs, first under Sir Marcus Oliphant in England and during the war on the Manhattan Project in Berkeley. "Partly on account of the bomb," he has said, "I lost some interest in physics."

A book gave Wilkins' moral crisis the fruitful turn. Reading Erwin Schrodinger's "What is Life," he was struck by the concept of a highly complex molecular structure controlling living processes. On the advice of such physicists as John T. Randall, Harrie S. Massey and Oliphant, all of whom believed physics could contribute significantly to biology, Wilkins joined a biophysics project begun by Randall at St. Andrews University and later moved to King's College at the University of London.

Wilkins found it fascinating to make ultraviolet microscope studies of the quantities of nucleic acid in cells. The existence of these acids in cellular nuclei had been recognized for nearly a century, but only recently had one of them—deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) been shown to transmit physical characteristics from one generation to another in a hereditary chain. At first assumed to be the same wherever it was found, DNA was found to vary

—*Wide World.*

Dr. Maurice Wilkins

enormously in basic composition depending on the type of cell in which it appeared.

The variations provided Wilkins with an enchanting source of study. But gradually he began to feel that biologists could examine the contents of intact cells as expertly as he could. As a physicist, he could contribute more specialized skill to biology by studying the DNA macromolecule in isolation, outside the cell.

Among the techniques that physicists had developed at that time was analysis of dichroism patterns. A specimen was placed under the microscope and then subjected to two colors of light simultaneously, one color being transmitted directly and the other being reflected. In the contrast thus created, the structure of the specimen could sometimes be detected.

One of those accidents for which science is noted now happened. Wilkins took the DNA molecules out of their host cells and put them into a gel for microscopic observation. He oriented the molecules with a glass rod, watching his work through the microscope lens. Each time he lifted the rod from the gel, an almost invisible fibre clung to the tip and hung between the rod and the gel like a filament of spider's web.

The perfection and uniformity of the fibres suggested that the DNA molecules in them were regularly arranged. What was the arrangement?

Now—a "moment of truth" that might have escaped a less ingenious man—Wilkins immediately recognized the fibres as excellent objects to study by X-ray diffraction analysis. He took them to Raymond Gosling, who had the department's only X-ray equipment, and remembered (from John D. Bernal's experience in obtaining X-ray patterns from protein crystals) it was important to keep the fibres moist lest they change shape. Almost immediately successful diffraction patterns were obtained. Man at last knew what the DNA molecule—his personal link to the past and to the future—really looked like!

MAURICE Wilkins allowed himself to experience a feeling of excitement.

Not that his excitement threshold is low. He is, after all, the son of two Irish parents. But the emotion is generally reserved for non-laboratory occasions such as for sharing with his three-year-old beauty Sarah when she'd seen "Father Christmas" and he'd given her an orange.

Wilkins belies the cliches of Irish prototypes as being either jocular or mystical. His tall, esthetic profile and slender hands lend him an air of fragility, and his habit of looking down to think makes one content to wait in patient silence to see what he comes up with.

In contributing to biological knowledge, Maurice was fulfilling a dream of his father, Edgar Henry Wilkins, a New Zealand school doctor who had always wanted to do research but had had little opportunity. Maurice was

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taken to England at the age of six and educated at King Edward's School in Birmingham. He took his physics degree at Cambridge in 1938, his Ph.D. in 1940 under Dr. Randall at Birmingham University.

His doctoral thesis was concerned with studies of phosphorescence, as these applied to various wartime problems such as improvement of cathode-ray screens for radar. After his war years on the bomb project in California, when he again joined Randall it was at the newly-formed Medical Research Council Biophysics Research Unit.

When the work on DNA had gone along to the point where good diffraction patterns were being obtained repeatedly from the fibres, Wilkins' own enthusiasm quickly spread beyond his laboratory. The X-ray data showed configurations of DNA molecules so regular that DNA could crystallize. Furthermore, the patterns of the crystals were identical in the many different species of DNA he examined. In this common design, two long strands were coiled around each other in a double helix.

The two strands were known to be composed of alternating units of sugar and phosphate. But four chemical bases—adenine, cytosine, guanine and thymine—were also present and had to be accounted for. Where were they? And if the dimensions of the four bases were as different as previous research had indicated how could their irregular jumble be fitted into the extremely regular structure revealed by the X rays?

In seeking an answer to this puzzle, two friends of Wilkins, James Watson and Francis Crick, discovered that the over-all dimensions of adenine plus thymine were identical to those of cytosine plus guanine. Since these two pairs were coupled in nature by hydrogen, their appearance in tandem within DNA might explain Wilkins' paradox. Could the double helix of DNA be similar to a spiral staircase, with adenine-thymine and cytosine-guanine serving as steps on the spiral? Watson and Crick put the steps in place. They fit.

Where there was an adenine on one helix, it was bonded to a thymine on the other helix. Each guanine was bonded to a cytosine. Since each step in the staircase constructed in this manner consisted of one large (adenine or guanine) and one small (cytosine or thymine) unit, all the steps occupied an identical amount of space. So the steps could be arranged in any order without changing the regular over-all shape or dimensions of the double helix.

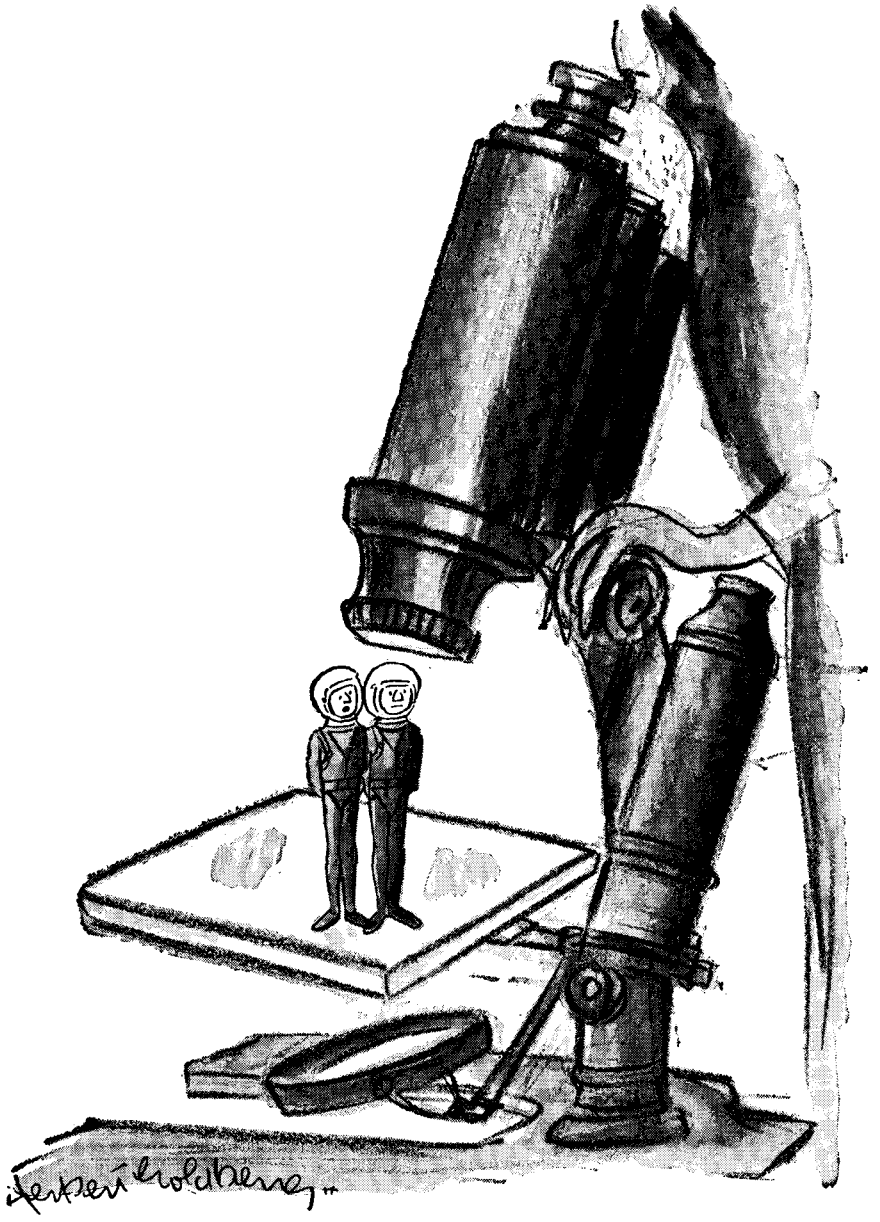
THE double spiralled stairway suggested the long-sought method of self-duplication which makes inheritance possible. The two spirals could separate and each could then serve as a mold for the formation of its new mate, since each half step in the chain would attract the correct complementary half step. The maintenance of the order of the half steps in duplication was crucial, for in this order lay the code which directs heredity.

The picture of DNA that physicist Wilkins drew for biologist Watson and biochemist Crick to fill in has made possible subsequent spectacular advances in cellular chemistry, such as the discovery of "messenger RNA," which is now believed to carry the genetic code after DNA has laid the code down.

At present, forty-six-year-old Wilkins is working on the molecular structure of RNA. He has recently shown that it has a helical configuration almost identical to the pattern of DNA. He has also been able to crystallise RNA.

This man of precision suffered greatly under the duress of irregularities related to his recent receipt of the Nobel prize (he shared it with Watson and Crick) in Stockholm. It was not the duress of limelight, to which he is becoming accustomed since his election as Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1959 and his winning of the Albert Lasker Award (with Watson and Crick) in 1960. The strain he felt came from altered sleep and mealtime schedules; from too many social obligations and from too little time with his wife Patricia, daughter Sarah, and eight-month-old son George; and from interruption of work routines at a laboratory concerned with the half-solved riddle of man's existence.

—PER BERGSTROM.



"Wait till the Pentagon hears about this!"

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Toward a more profound understanding of the processes through which life is maintained on earth by the sun. There is much yet to learn, for the atmosphere is filled with secrets. The ionosphere is one of them. This spherical envelope of electricity, which, by its undulations in the sky determines the clarity of radio communication, has been examined repeatedly for clues to its existence and persistence. Among the searchers, the U.S. Office of Naval Research rates as a pioneer. The report below, written by the chief of the aeronomy section of ONR's Naval Research Laboratory, an electrical engineering graduate of the University of Virginia, tells of work done by himself and five colleagues: John Hoffman, Julian Holmes, Larry Kegley, John Kruly and James Young. It was suggested by an item published in a recent issue of* Naval Research Reviews.

by CHARLES Y. JOHNSON

Naval Research Laboratory (ONR)

HUMAN society could not be held together in its present global state without help from the ionosphere, the thick shell of electrons which envelops earth in the distant sky.

If the ionosphere did not exist, instantaneous communication over long distances by radio would be impossible.

Why is there an ionosphere?

What keeps it in place?

Answers to those questions are part of the continuing mystery of earth's atmosphere, which enables man to live.

We know that in order to function as it does, the ionosphere must be composed of free electrons congregated so densely as to form a mirror capable of reflecting electromagnetic waves on which messages go out from radio broadcasting antennae.

We also know that the electrons making up this mirror are freed from atoms by overpowering radiation of the sun in the tenuous outer reaches of the atmosphere, which we now think may extend as far as 50,000 to 100,000 miles out from the surface of the planet.

But how do the electrons manage to remain free?

Their negative electric charges naturally attract them to positively charged ions—the fragments of atoms and molecules from which the electrons were torn by the sun's force—whenever a sufficient number of lonely ions are nearby.

Apparently there exist at ionospheric levels (fifty-odd to 180-odd miles out from earth) species of atoms which can lose electrons without feeling a compulsion to grab them back at the earliest opportunity.

What kind of atoms are these?

Once it was thought that they might be oxygen and nitrogen. But this has not proved to be true. Samples taken by rockets show instead that ions of nitric oxide (a chemical compound rarely seen in the atmosphere as a neutral molecule complete with its electrons) predominate in the lower regions of the ionosphere (fifty to 150 miles) which scientists call the D and E region. Ions of oxygen molecules appear from sixty to ninety miles out, but at no point do they predominate. The oxygen molecules begin to disintegrate into atoms at an altitude of seventy-eight miles and the ions of those atoms gradually become more numerous until, at 150 miles, they are dominant.

The top of the effective reflecting surface of the ionosphere, called the F region, is usually assigned a height 180 miles. But free electrons persist in earth's atmosphere far outside that limit. Otherwise, it would be impossible for the "whistlers" that follow lightning strokes to ricochet from one hemisphere of earth to the other along the great arcs of the planet's field of magnetic attraction.

What lies beyond the top of the ionosphere proper that would help us to explain why the ionosphere stays where it is?

From what has already been said here, we know that ions of oxygen atoms are there, and we suppose the presence also of ions of hydrogen and helium atoms. The hydrogen is believed to rise in the form of water vapor and of methane gas. The water vapor is familiar to us as cloud. The methane is emitted by decaying vegetation on the earth's surface. Both the water and the methane are broken into their constituent elements by the force of the sun. Hydrogen thus freed is thought to reach altitudes of 1,000 miles and sometimes to escape the atmosphere into interplanetary space. Helium enters earth's atmosphere from decay of radioactive elements in the planet's crust; it, too, is sufficiently light to rise to the outer fringes of the atmosphere and also into space.

Several years ago the Naval Research Laboratory, an agency of the U. S. Office of Naval Research, began to study means of measuring the relative amounts of hydrogen, helium and oxygen present in the atmosphere at distances up to 1,000 miles from earth. The purpose was to try to determine the behavior of the minute amounts of gas which exist there, and to calculate the consequences of that behavior. Since every research project undertaken nowadays must have a nickname, this one was called HiHOE (an acronym for *H(i)*drogen, *H*elium and *O*xygen *E*xperiment).

Direct measurement of the composition of the exosphere (that faint outermost fringe of the atmosphere with which HiHOE is concerned) is hardly possible with presently available instruments because of the tenuous nature of the gas. But indirect measurement is feasible because every ion has a weight characteristic of the element from which the ion was gouged. And the ions can be trapped and weighed in a magnetic ion mass spectrometer. As the spectrometer moves through the space being investigated, the ions drift into the instrument through narrow windows. Once inside, they are swept up by an electric current and thrown through the field of a magnet. In response to the magnetic pull, the paths of the ions curve, the degree of curve intensifying as the respective weights of the ions fall. Ions traveling over each curve are counted separately and the make-up of the population is thus decided.

The main problem that had to be solved in the HiHOE project was: How could a spectrometer be lifted 1,000 miles at reasonable expense?

For experiments in the stratosphere to heights of 100,000 feet or so, balloons such as those developed by ONR's Project Skyhook had been used extensively for reasons of reliability as well as economy. But for experiments at higher altitudes

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than could be reached by balloons, rockets were required, and these unavoidably involved launching towers, high-acceleration boosters, or complicated guidance systems. The cost of one launch might run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. This disparity was inappropriate.

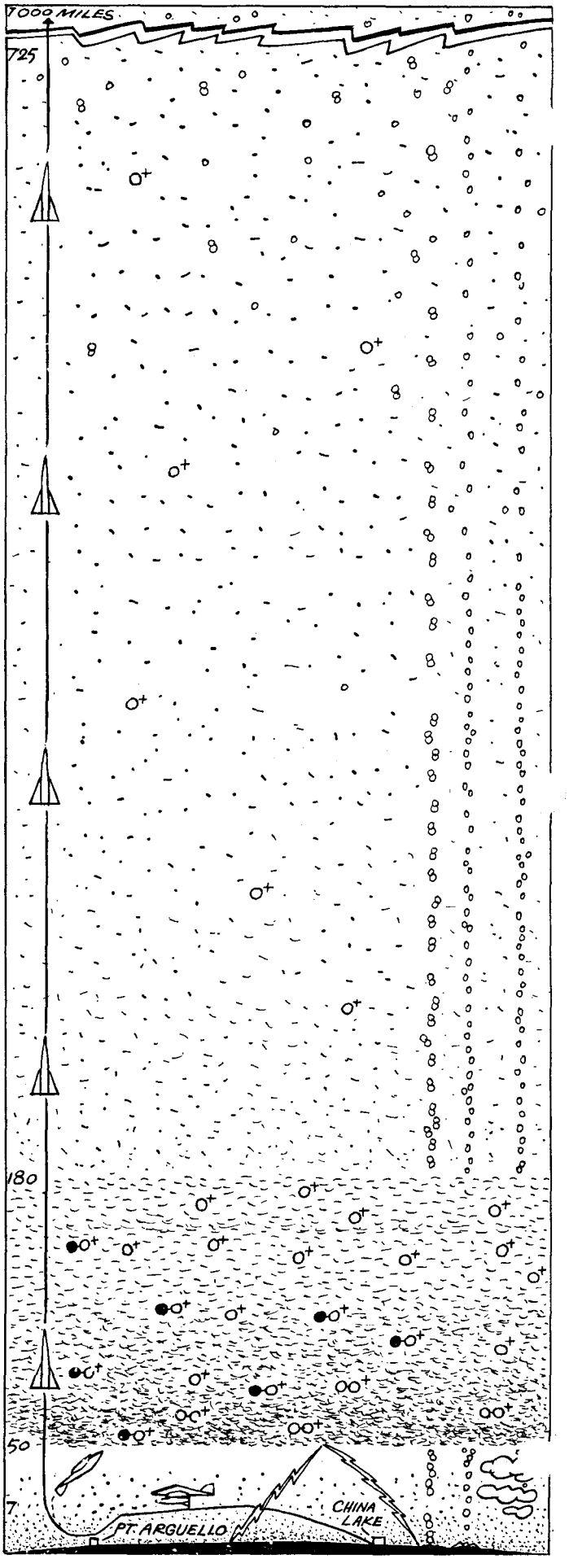
Fortunately, the Naval Ordnance Test Station at China Lake in California had designed a group of rockets and conducted several tests to determine the feasibility of launching orbiting vehicles from aircraft at high altitude. NOTS suggested to NRL that a variation of the China Lake technique might be applied advantageously to the NRL project and, if that proved successful, to many other experiments involving scientific payloads. The variation was really a simplification of the method NOTS was then testing. For HiHOE called for payloads to be sent nearly straight up, rather than at the low angle required for orbit.

The aircraft used by NOTS was the then new F4H Phantom twin-jet fighter, which could, while flying at supersonic speed, launch a rocket of the required size from an altitude of 35,000 to 40,000 feet. At that height, two-thirds of the atmosphere was below the aircraft. A two-stage, 3,000-pound rocket was all that was needed to go on to 1,000 miles. Had the same rocket been launched from the surface of the earth, the fuel aboard would have multiplied the weight of the vehicle four times. At 35,000-40,000 feet, enough atmosphere remained to permit the rocket to be fin-guided and roll-stabilized, thus making an expensive guidance system unnecessary. The craft could be used over and over again—quite unlike the conventional booster rocket, which is lost after a single firing.

The first experimental flights took off from China Lake (see diagram, this page) on 25 July 1962 and flew to the Pacific coast north of Point Arguello, California, at the edge of the Pacific Missile Range. Then the F4H turned south, proceeded to a designated point off the coast, and went into its launching maneuver. At that time, the aircraft was flying at an altitude of 35,000 feet. Next came a shallow acceleration dive which brought the craft down to 22,000 feet. After leveling off momentarily, the pilot executed a pull-up at four times the compression of gravity and, upon attaining an ascent angle of eighty-five degrees from the horizontal and an altitude of 38,000 feet, fired the rocket on command from a computer. The plane then looped over and out of the way. Five seconds later, the rocket's first-stage motor ignited and carried its vehicle to a point twenty-eight miles above the earth. The second-stage motor ignited sixty-seven seconds after the rocket's release and carried the payload to its destination.

On that first successful launch, 180 pounds of instruments climbed to an altitude of 725 miles and traveled a horizontal distance of 810 miles. Before the rocket disappeared over the horizon of its radio trackers, it had telemetered more than 1,100 seconds of useful data back to the Pacific Missile Range. This information indicated beyond any question that HiHOE's original requirement of a 100-pound payload carried to a 1,000-mile altitude could be met.

The HiHOE project still has many flights to go before determinations can be made concerning the amount of neutral and ionized matter in and beyond the exosphere. If the air-launch system answers the problem of sending inexpensive vehicle probes to exospheric altitudes for scientific purposes, high-altitude research in general will very likely be invigorated because a variety of small rockets can launch numerous experiments aloft and thus speed man's understanding of the high atmospheric frontier.



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EDITOR—Elementary reading textbooks. Editorial ability and knowledge of language arts. Copy editing for style, punctuation, etc.; proofreading; responsible for all duties through production stage. Leading book publisher located New York City. Send full resume including salary required to Box B-548.

WANTED: Theatre Coordinator for community theatre. Prefer man who has had community center experience and some general knowledge of theatre. This man will not be required to direct plays, design, construct or paint scenery, but will act as coordinator of volunteer workers in these fields. Some promotional experience is desirable and knowledge of simple office procedure is necessary. Salary open. Write Peoria Players Theatre, 4300 N. University Street, Peoria, Illinois.

EDITOR-ASSOCIATE. Good social studies background with geography emphasis. Editorial experience required. To edit and follow through production series of elementary geographies. Teaching experience helpful. New York City location. Send complete details including salary requirements to Box B-519.

PREP SCHOOL'S BIRTH is awaited. Creative teachers needed. Interested? Box B-559.

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For Sale

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Partially restored Colonial farmhouse. 8 rooms, 2 baths, workable kitchen, new heating system. 1 acre. $23,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

POCONO MOUNTAINS. New, 2 bedroom lakefront cottage. All Philippine mahogany. Balcony 'd-rooms. Cathedral ceiling. 28' x 28' living . Insulated for summer or year round living. as arranged. Lewis Miller, Milford, Pennsylvania.

EASTERN CONNECTICUT, near university, water. Restored 7 room house, edge early 19th century village. 2 acres. $17,500. Box B-533.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ARTISTIC, UNIQUE—Custom-built adobe situated entrancing view knoll. Large swimming pool among luxurious features. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths. ..., occupied TV station owner. Located climate perfect Escondido, 25 minutes San Diego, California. $62,000. Box B-516.

DELIGHTFULLY DRAMATIC country contemporary with everything. Near University of Minnesota and both Loops. Must sell. Box B-541.

SECLUDED, MODERN ranch-type home—Rippling brook, kennel, 8 acres. Near cultural center, Indiana University. $25,000. 4757 Arlington Road, Bloomington, Indiana.

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For Sale—Furnished

CAPE COD, COTUIT—New, fully-equipped, fireplace, sleeps 6, on quiet bay, in pines, beach, ocean, garage, boat. $12,000. ALSO
BEAR MOUNTAIN AREA—3 bedroom ranch in woods, conducive creative work, de luxe equipment, fireplace, piano. (Convertible year-round use.) Brook, lake. $12,000. 914-OW 3-5895, Box B-536.

For Summer Rental

EAST DENNIS, Cape Cod. Sea Captain's House—August. 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, freezer, washing machine. Box B-462.

SOUTHERN MAINE. Little white farmhouse, beautiful location. Details. Box B-529.

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HOUSE TO SHARE

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HOUSE WANTED

WRITER seeks private house in quiet community where no dogs permitted. Box B-531.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

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BEAUPRE. Creative arts: dance, drama, art, chorus. Professional faculty. Country estate, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Own theatre. Pool, sports. Eight weeks. Seventy girls 9-17. Mrs. Stanley C. North, 2 Maher Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut.

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CAMPS

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PUTNEY NATURAL SCIENCE CAMP. Research projects, conservation practices, camping trips. Boys, Girls, 13-17. Putney School. Putney, Vermont.

REMEDIAL READING CAMP for bright underachievers. Greentrees, Broadalbin, N.Y.

TAMARACK TENNIS CAMP, White Mountains of New Hampshire. Boys and Girls, ages 10-16. Beginners to advanced. Professional tennis instruction. Swimming and other sports optional. July or August session, $440 a month. Limited enrollment. Write Jack Kenney, Director, Franconia, New Hampshire, for folder.

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VACATIONS

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THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

(Continued on page 64)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 63)

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

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FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their delightful COLONY BEACH RESORT, on Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

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TENNIS: 4 Clay Courts. Sun-drenched Florida Keys. write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada, Florida Keys.

SKI TAOS, New Mexico. Finest powder slopes in the Rockies, chairlifts, 3 pomalifts, 2055' vertical drop, never a waiting line. Three charming lodges right on the slopes. Write Wendy Blake, Box 856, Taos, N.M.

TRAVEL

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single rooms, private bath. $26 per week. Bus, subway at corner. Swimming pool. COlumbus 5-6100.

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EUROPEAN Summer Adventure Tour. Congenial group. Ferero, G.W.U., Washington 6, D.C.

TRAVEL

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

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TRAVEL

WANTED: 10 VENTURESOME TRAVELERS. Luxury limousine coach with leader-driver and hostess going West on 4 camping-sightseeing tours. Motels utilized through East. Excellent food and all equipment provided, all-expense basis. June 1st—21 days: [illegible]d Circle Tour—South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado June 29th—15 days: Compact Circle—Yellow[illegible], Tetons, etc., $495. August 3rd—21 days: Wyoming Wind River Wilderness. Horseback and pack trip, tremendous scenery, memorable forever, $665. September 6th—15 days: Colorful Colorado—Highest mountains, Mesa Verde, $495. Write for itineraries, Modus Operandi: Murray deCamp Spear, Director, The Company of Voyageurs, 711 Valley Road, Mahwah, N.J.

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EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Practique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc. sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1508

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A handy man (comp.).

B. Where RLS saw the birdie with a yellow bill (4 wds.).

C. Undressed lumber (2 wds.).

D. Disk mounted to spin rapidly about an axis and also to rotate about two other axes perpendicular to original axis of spin.

E. Abstained from (esp. anything wrong or distasteful).

F. The quality of having always existed (comp.).

G. Talented equine on TV (2 wds.).

H. Hearings granted to speakers and musical performers.

I. Title popular song of the Gay Nineties whose hero fell in many places but always "dressed in his best suit of clothes" (3 wds.).

WORDS

120 159 161 179 70 14 38 84 201 64 174
115 68 150 31

87 18 8 162 93 177 51 110 127 141 95
194 6 81 133

16 78 88 137 9 198 61 50 35

49 152 112 41 97 19 181 131 102

10 124 108 37 91 185 82 145

33 136 77 196 104 191 44 4 24 126 186
117

43 135 75 111 166 151 3 92

83 62 94 132 39 155 187 171 160

142 109 169 164 182 15 52 123 48 101 157
193 46 54 129

DEFINITIONS

J. With too great a distance between.

K. What was heard to be "shrilling down the wind" in *Idyls of the King* (3 wds.).

L. Patron saint of swineherds.

M. Liberally.

N. Invigorated.

O. Locale of the church which invites you, in the old gospel hymn (3 wds.).

P. Each of two (2 wds.).

Q. Sudden spontaneous deviation from type (2 Lat. wds.).

R. Following "Do", Lord Chesterfield's version of the Golden Rule (6 wds.).

WORDS

118 149 17 79 1 175 202 72 139 60

53 192 199 66 32 113 13 165 96 105 125
47 89

146 34 153 2 23 190 76

138 144 121 180 25 12 176 26 85 114 40

188 57 98 200 178 122 154 67 22

21 107 56 158 20 197 63 134 28 36 99
170 167

173 168 69 183 148 100 55 27 73

59 65 7 80 130 195 45 143 189 30 74
5

163 116 147 106 42 103 140 119 58 11 128
90 172 184 156 29 71 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 J	2 L	3 G	4 F	5 Q		6 B	7 Q		8 B	9 C	10 E		11 R	12 M	13 K
14 A	15 I	16 C	17 J	18 B	19 D	20 O		21 O		22 N	23 L	24 F	25 M		26 M	27 P
28 O	29 R	30 Q	31 A	32 K	33 F	34 L	35 C		36 O	37 E	38 A	39 H		40 M	41 D	42 R
	43 G	44 F	45 Q	46 I		47 K	48 I		49 D	50 C	51 B	52 I	53 K		54 I	55 P
	56 O	57 N	58 R	59 Q		60 J	61 C	62 H		63 O	64 A		65 Q	66 K	67 N	68 A
	69 P	70 A		71 R	72 J		73 P	74 Q	75 G	76 L		77 F	78 C		79 J	80 Q
81 B	82 E		83 H	84 A	85 M		86 R	87 B	88 C		89 K	90 R	91 E	92 G	93 B	94 H
	95 B	96 K	97 D		98 N	99 O	100 P	101 I	102 D		103 R	104 F		105 K	106 R	107 O
	108 E	109 I	110 B	111 G	112 D	113 K	114 M		115 A	116 R		117 F	118 J	119 R		120 A
121 M	122 N	123 I		124 E	125 K	126 F	127 B		128 R	129 I		130 Q	131 D	132 H	133 B	134 O
135 G	136 F	137 C		138 M	139 J	140 R	141 B	142 I		143 Q	144 M	145 E	146 L	147 R		148 P
149 J	150 A	151 G	152 D	153 L	154 N	155 H	156 R	157 I		158 O	159 A	160 H		161 A	162 B	163 R
164 I	165 K	166 G	167 O		168 P		169 I	170 O	171 H	172 R	173 P	174 A		175 J	176 M	
177 B	178 N		179 A	180 M	181 D	182 I		183 P	184 R	185 E		186 F	187 H		188 N	189 Q
190 L		191 F	192 K	193 I	194 B		195 Q	196 F	197 O		198 C	199 K	200 N	201 A	202 J	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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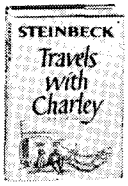
An Invitation to Readers

WHO MAY HAVE CONSIDERED MEMBERSHIP IN THE Book-of-the-Month Club[1]

CHOOSE ANY THREE of the books shown here FOR $1 EACH in a short trial membership...

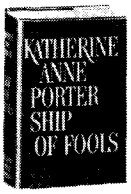
IN WHICH YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL CLUB CHOICES—AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES—WITHIN A YEAR

563. FAIL-SAFE *by* EUGENE BURDICK *and* HARVEY WHEELER. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



553. TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY *by* JOHN STEINBECK. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

552. SILENT SPRING *by* RACHEL CARSON Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5)



539. SHIP OF FOOLS *by* KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

540. THE ROTHSCHILDS *by* FREDERIC MORTON. Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $5.95)

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557. THE BLUE NILE *by* ALAN MOOREHEAD. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

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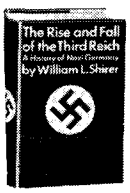
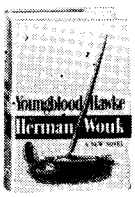
565. EVERYONE BUT THEE AND ME *by* OGDEN NASH. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $3.95)

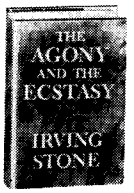
564. HER INFINITE VARIETY *by* MORTON M. HUNT (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Publ. retail price $10)



559. YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE HERMAN WOUK (Publisher's retail price $7.95)



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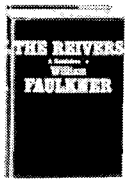

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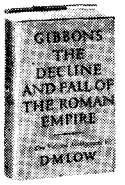

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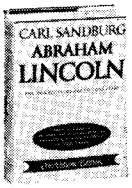

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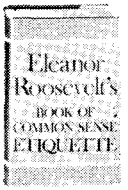

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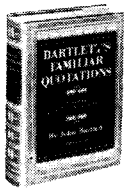

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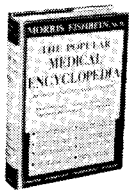

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